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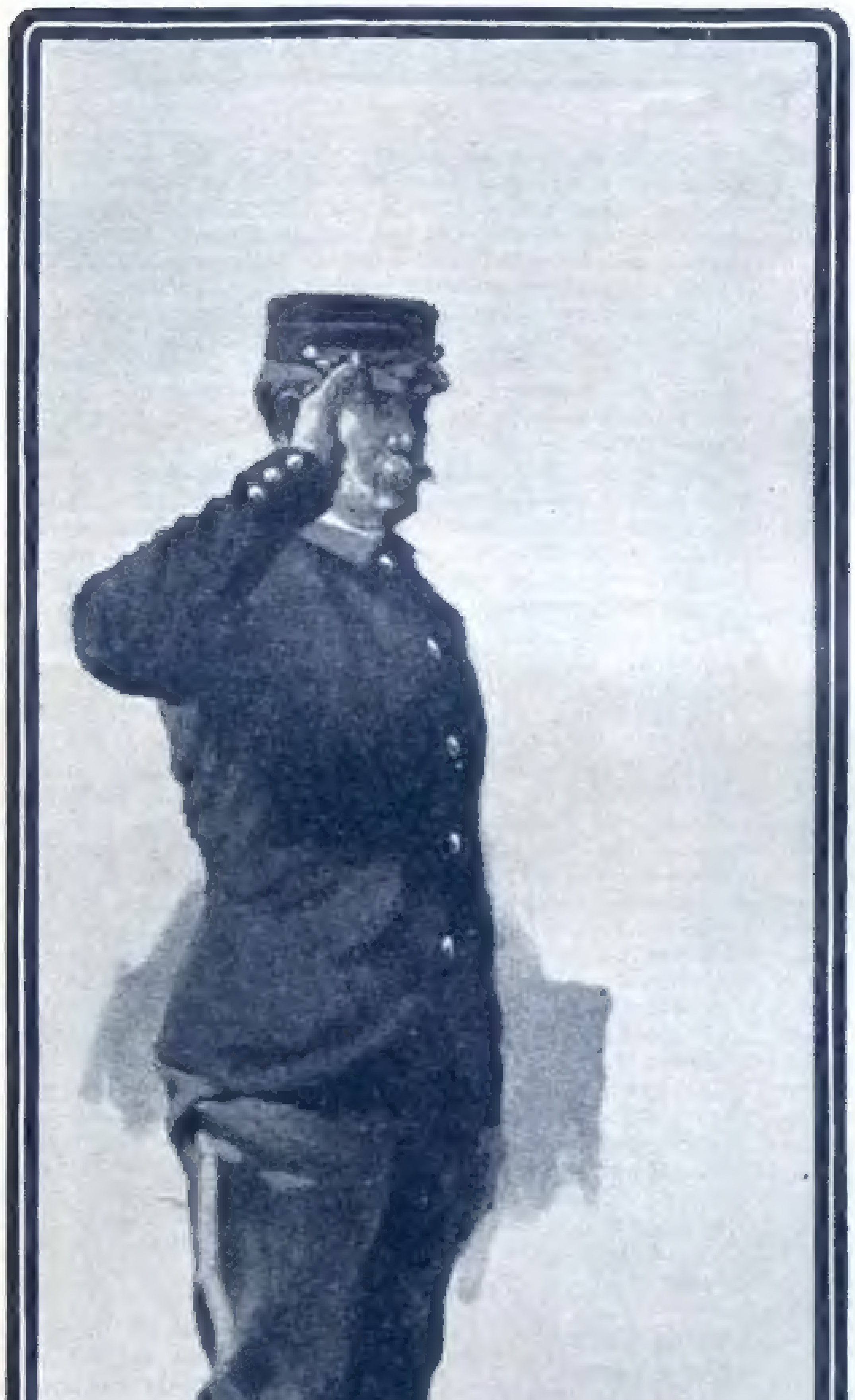

The Rights of the Volunteer

By General Charles King

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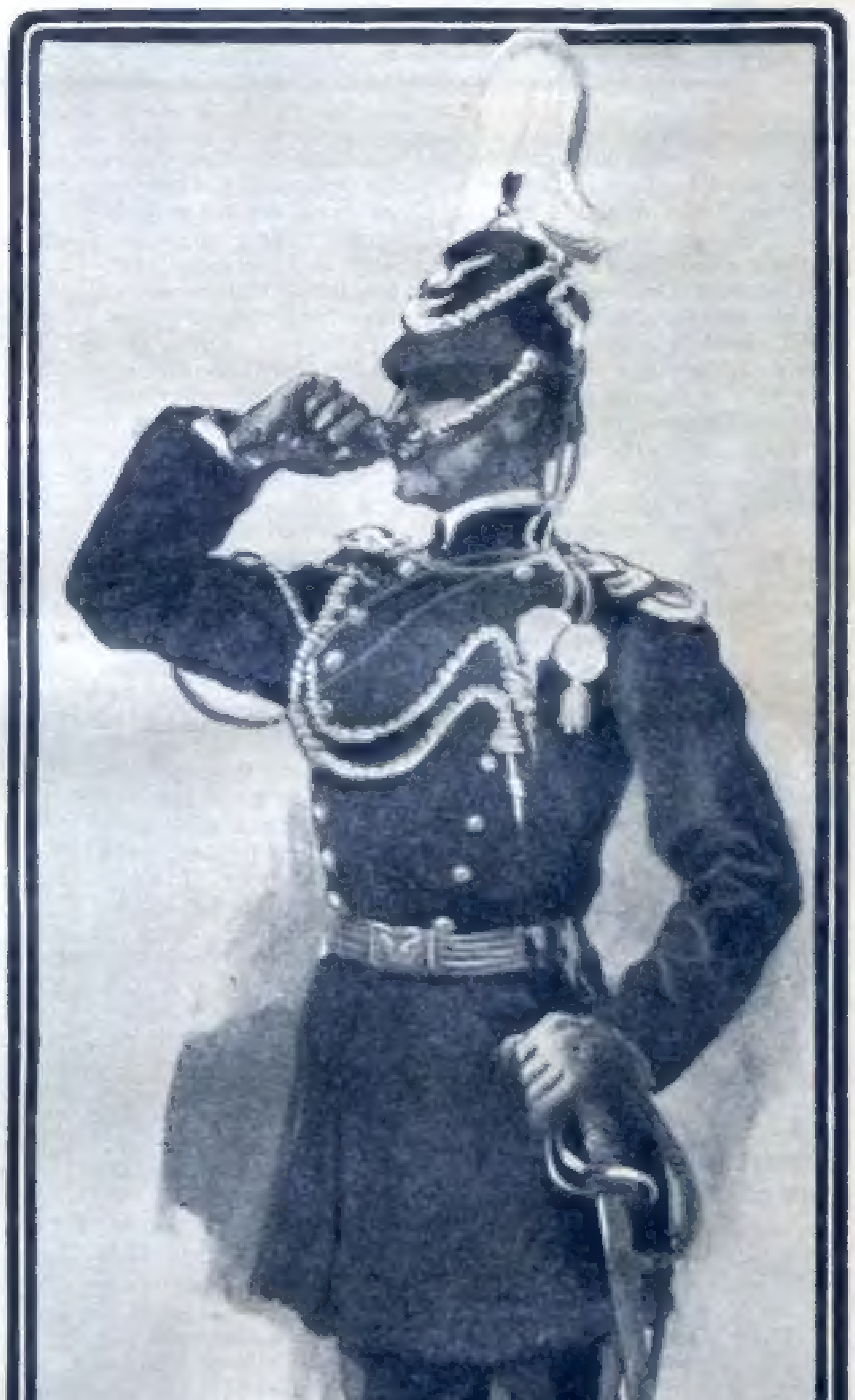
How Kenna Carries the Ward

By Forrest Crissey



The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

How Kenna Carries the Ward

By Forrest Crissey

A Page of Practical Politics

KENNA is the political boss of the wealthiest ward of any municipality in the world. His personality is unique and his methods original; but both are thoroughly typical of men and methods to be found in every large city in the United States. He is essentially an American development, and for this reason a glimpse into his personality and the secrets of his success must make for a clearer understanding of a common problem which is everywhere perplexing the serious student of social and political conditions.

In the newspapers and the oratory of civic reformers Alderman Kenna, of Chicago, is heralded as "Hinky Dink," a monster of political power, a keeper of groggeries, a past-master in the arts of municipal corruption, a low, vicious, conscienceless leader of the unwashed rabble. The great respectable public wonders why the power of the political boss of "The First" is almost absolute. They offer but one solution of the puzzle: Corruption. When, however, the fact is faced that the ward contains other men of far greater wealth and of more inordinate and unscrupulous ambition for political preferment, the theory that the success of Kenna is a mere question of vote-buying becomes far less convincing. Other elements must clearly be taken into consideration as determining factors.

There is another Kenna—the one seen through the admiring eyes of his own people. This vision gives him the proportions of a feudal baron. He is the man who does things, whose hands hold every object of their desires. He is their Dispenser and Deliverer. His word "goes" in their world. From end to end of "The First" there is but one family, and Kenna is its father! Every paternal office is performed by him. The roads to the hospital, the coal-bin, the fresh-air excursion, the Democracy ball, the City Hall and the cemetery, all run through Kenna's hands. And the road out of the Bridewell is also within his control! This is the idealized Kenna.

The Alderman Disposes of a Line of Clients

Bent on getting a glimpse of the real Kenna—the shrewd student of human nature in the raw, the tireless organizer of the great lodging-house ward, the wary, resourceful manipulator of "floating majorities"—I waited for his appearance in the place which bears his name and marks the beginning of "The Levee" district of South Clark Street.

"There comes the Alderman," remarked a clean-shaven bystander, nodding to a small man of slight, almost fragile, figure. Alertness was the keynote of his attitude. He was intensely alive from head to foot, and his step had the nervous click of a man who had many things to do and took keen delight in doing them. Before he was half-way across the floor he caught sight of a woman and a little girl standing shrinkingly at the rear of the room. Instantly he stepped before her and asked:

"Can I do something for you?"

Holding the folds of her shawl together at the throat, she answered:

"I'm Mrs. Simpson from the Palace Flats, Wabash Avenue. My husband is down in Indiana looking for work. I put the last coal in the stove this morning and the money's gone. Could you let me have seventy-five cents, Alderman?"

His hand came out of his pocket almost as soon as her plea was finished.

"Here, baby—go take your mamma an' get a good warm supper," was his answer as he dropped two silver dollars into the palm of the little girl, who stared up at him with frank astonishment. The face into which she looked is almost boyish, although the upper lip is fringed with a light, tawny growth. His dress is neat but quiet, and his manner simple and direct.

A group of politicians eager for a conference waited about the door of the private office but not one of them stirred. Instead they looked at the figure of a little German woman, in a brown knitted hood and coarse dress, who had made a timid entrance at the front door. She carried a bandaged arm in a sling and her face showed traces of anxiety and suffering.

"So you want to go to the hospital until you're able t' get out scrubbing again?" asked the Alderman. "Well, here's an order that'll fix you."

With the hastily scribbled order he handed her change for car fare and simply remarked:

"Take the West Harrison Street car and get off at the hospital."

"There's a woman waitin' t' see you in th' back room. Her man's been pulled in," said the bystander in a low tone. A few moments later a colored woman and the Alderman emerged from the rear room and he was heard to say:

"No; I won't do a thing till I have the police report in the morning. If he's what you say, an' just run in for being drunk, I'll have him out before night."

"How many calls of this kind do you have in a day, Alderman?" was the first question asked after the politicians had been disposed of and the attention of the ward boss secured.

What Voters Require of Their Bosses

"It's a slow day when I don't listen to forty of these hard-luck tales. And that's outside the touches from the bums who are up against it hard. I hear 'em all. Why shouldn't I? They're my people, an' it don't make any difference whether they're men, women or children. When they need help it's a comin' to 'em to get it! That's where the reform aldermen fall down. They're above hearin' hard-luck stories all day and hustlin' the rest of the time to pull their people out of trouble. They're statesmen! They're too busy representin' their people in the newspapers and savin' the country to work for poor folks who've got their griefs. Some folks seem to think legislation and fancy talk are what the people want from the men that represent 'em. But they don't cut much ice in The First. The man that's flat broke, with a stomach as empty as his pocket, wants something to eat first, a place to sleep and then a job. Any man can get his fill of good meat and bread at my other place whether he's got the price or not. That don't make any difference. And if he's on the square and behaves himself he won't be put out until mornin'. Of course some of 'em have jobs, but a whole lot of 'em haven't a cent to eat or sleep on. That means they are up against a choice between crime and suicide. An' it's human nature to choose the first! There isn't a place in the whole town that's quieter than that one. If a cadger's spotted he's hustled out lively. But you want to get on to the organization. That's what counts. There's nothing secret about it. We'll go right over to headquarters and I'll open up the books."

Kenna led the way down the levee to the dingy flat building in Plymouth Place where the machine of "The First" occupies two floors. Making his way to the central room of the second floor suite he seated himself at a roll-top desk, close beside the telephone, and drew from his pocket a narrow memorandum book. His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as he began to expound "the Organization" with the pride of an artist displaying a masterpiece of his own creating.

The Power of System in Ward Politics

"Alderman John Coughlin and I are the central committeemen of this ward. That means we represent it in the city organization of the Democratic party. What we say goes in the ward so long as we hold that place. Every precinct has a captain—a man we can absolutely bet on. We pick these men ourselves and if we don't get the best timber it's our own fault. About the end of the year, when the reformers are asleep or putting in their time at swell social functions, we begin the heavy work of the campaign. One of these little books is sent to every precinct captain and in it he enters the names of the boys he selects as members of the committee for his precinct. These are picked from the butchers, the grocers, liverymen, liquor dealers, coal men and merchants—men who come up against the people in their neighborhoods every day in the year. These lists are all sent in to John and me for approval. We sift 'em close, and if there's any timber in 'em that don't stand the test we throw it out and pick new. In the front page of each book is drawn a map of the precinct. We keep a man who's clever with the pen to do this drafting.

"Precinct executive committees range from fifteen to thirty members according to the size of the territory and its population. Next comes the division of the precinct territory among the members of its committee. One may have a whole block to look after—another only a single lodging-house. Wherever it's possible a lodging-house keeper is put on the committee. As some of the lodging-houses have as high as four hundred men, the job of a house lieutenant isn't as light as it might look. But each precinct committeeman is held responsible for every voter in his territory, whether that is covered by one roof or fifty. And each precinct captain must be ready to give an account of himself at any minute on any matter that concerns the organization in his bailiwick. When he's called for he comes to the front at the drop of the flag every time!

"This brings the organization down to the individual voter. We keep three sets of books on the voters, and they're not all in the same place either. If this place should be raided and one set of books captured we'd have two others all safe and ready for business. When a man joins the organization—we call it the First Ward Regular Democratic Club—his name is handed in on a printed blank signed by the precinct captain or committeeman who stands for him. If he weakens or flops the man who put him up for membership has to explain. If he moves into another precinct he is transferred to another captain and committeeman and his new address recorded. They don't slip a man in or out on us without some worker in the organization is held responsible for him!

"When a man's taken into the organization he's given a card that looks like a semi-annual pass on a railroad—an' you can gamble your life the boys are proud of their cards, too! They wouldn't give up one of them round-cornered green pasteboards for money. Rewards of merit don't stand any show beside the membership tickets. Each one is numbered to match the entry on our books, which gives us a double check on 'em.

Taking Care of the Lists of Voters

"For the complete list of all the members of the organization in the precinct book of every captain we have a duplicate precinct book here in the business office. That makes thirty-nine books—one for each precinct of the ward. Then all the names and addresses for the whole ward are copied into four big books. These are put away in a vault, every night, outside headquarters. We don't propose to let any raid, or fire, or skin-game of any sort catch us napping and wipe out the ward books. That list of seven thousand names has cost too much hard work to be left loose.

"Things happen quick in politics, an' the only way to keep in the lead is to be loaded for surprises—ready for any trick the enemy can turn. We're always fixed for a sudden turnout. In this safe are 30,000 postal cards, tied in precinct bundles and addressed ready for mailing. On the side for the writing is printed a summons for a meeting of the forces in each precinct at the regular headquarters. The date is left blank so that it may be filled in with a stamp. The boys know that one of these cards means a hurry-up call. Suppose something breaks loose along toward night. I take to the telephone right here and get every precinct captain in the ward on the wire. They come here quick—within an hour if necessary. Then we hold a pow-wow and they get their instructions. Then we turn 'em loose on the postal cards. The stamps make quick work of it and the cards are hustled to the post-office. By ten o'clock the next morning the boys will be standing in line at every precinct headquarters waiting for orders from their captains. A call of this kind never fails to bring out seven-tenths of the full organization—

and the men who don't respond are checked up and we know why they failed to get to the front.

"Other sets of postal cards without any printing on 'em are kept ready for special calls that can't be worded in advance. When these are wanted they are either run off on the mimeograph or put through a printing press, according to the number needed and the time we have to get 'em into the hands of the boys. Other batches are fixed in advance for the primaries, for registration and for the election. They tell the boys where to go and when to be on hand—and the men are there every time! The same thing brings 'em out for the mass meetings.

"Judges and clerks of election are picked from the best seasoned timber and are handled by the same system. The postal card, all ready addressed, does the business every time. It's a great thing in politics, and you can't beat it when you've got an organization that will jump to the call like firemen. There isn't anything those boys won't do when the order comes. The other day one of the old ward captains died. We had to send his body away on a midnight train. More than a hundred and fifty men turned out and marched behind the carriages a mile to the depot, at midnight, all wearing nice black memorial badges. I guess that tells the story of how the boys stand together and turn out for the organization.

Weekly Meetings at Headquarters

"Now, there are other books besides the ones that hold the names. Every precinct has its committee-room here at headquarters. Each meets one night a week. The precinct captain presides and the secretary makes notes of everything that comes up, writes up his minutes and turns 'em over to the captain, who brings 'em before the general committee, of the two city central committeemen and the precinct captains. There's no general mix-up of the members of the different precinct committees. They do their business separately behind closed doors. If they attend to their own business, in their own territory, without interfering with what's doing in the rest of the ward, we'll do the rest in the meeting of the executive committee of the ward.

"What kind of things come up in the meetings of the precinct committees? Everything that has happend in the precinct since the last meeting. There's a roll-call of recruits, removals, kicks and deserters. A lieutenant in charge of a lodging-house reports that the enemy has got a worker in his territory who's stirring up trouble. They discuss how to get a line on this weasel and rout him out. Perhaps some of the crowd are not satisfied with things. The lieutenant has to cover this case to the captain, and the captain adds his own say to the executive committee. Then they're told how to get the kickers back into line—or else we know the reason. All these things go down in black and white on the minutes, and if any man thinks we're going to forget anything and that he can work us, he finds himself up against the records. The meetings of the executive committee of the ward are held Sunday afternoons.

"Things are lively the night before election. After the final round-up of the executive committee of the ward all its members, together with the judges and clerks of election—those belonging to the organization—meet at a certain hotel and have a whole floor to themselves. And we don't leave until five o'clock in the morning, when the judges, clerks and precinct captains get the ballots and the poll lists and go to their polling places. Scouts are out all night looking for anything that might break loose. They keep us posted by telephone. As the members of the organization report at the polling places and put in their votes they are checked off by the captain and precinct committeemen. About noon these men make up a list of the members who have failed to vote. Then comes the hot work for the scouts. These are sent out to see the boys who have not lined up. When one of these can't be found a notice is left for him, calling his attention to the fact that he is due to vote and that his polling place is at a certain street and number. This gives him fair notice that the organization has the call on him. Suppose one of these delinquents is in a lodging-house. If he shows up before the polls close the clerk at the desk hands him the notice and checks it off. That cinches him! Of course primaries and registrations are just as important as elections and are handled in exactly the same way.

"Precinct meetings begin January 1 and last until after the spring election. We know our men and have a man for every kind of work that comes up. There isn't a screw loose anywhere and things move like clockwork.

"What do the precinct captains and committeemen get out of it? Well; they have something to say about the appointments after election. They're all treated square. But don't make a mistake about one point: I find more jobs for men off the city pay-roll than I do on—ten to one! If they're good men I get 'em places anywhere the work's to be had. They stand by me three days in the year—primary, registration and election days—and I stand by them the other 362 days. If I didn't the Republicans wouldn't be letting the election go without putting up a candidate against me, I guess!"

This explanation of "the Organization" is said to be the longest interview that ever passed the lips of Kenna. His confidence in his own people is as unbounded as his distrust of the professional reformer. The reasons for his faith in the men at the bottom of things is not far to seek when his own history is known. He was little more than eight years old when both his parents died and left him a legacy of two younger children to support. With a bundle of newspapers and a bootblack's kit he began the battle of the streets. The struggle was not an easy one, but its results, expressed in his own words, were that "the kids never missed a meal." When he found a boy who was "flat broke" he staked him without security to an outfit of papers and shared the profits of the venture. In these enterprises he displayed the shrewd knowledge of human nature which made him the boss of The First, never losing a dollar through a breach of faith. Soon he found himself an employing newsdealer with seventeen boys on his staff and a steady income of sixty dollars a week. His money was saved and converted into earning capital. Political conventions and other gatherings of politicians afforded him opportunities for special strokes of enterprise in handling his forces of newspaper hustlers and made him familiar with the ways and interests of this class of men. The newspaper on the street stand was his only textbook, but he made the most of it. His chief objects of pride and interest are "the Organization" and his "People." The former is the creation of his own energy and shrewdness. Although its mechanism is constructed upon Tammany lines, it is in no sense imitative, for the reason that he knows as little of the great machine of Tweed and Croker as of the governing bodies of Yale and Harvard. His world is "The First" and he seldom strays beyond its boundaries.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of articles dealing with "practical politics" and politicians in our large cities. These articles will aim to show the workings of "the Machine," and how and why it can control large bodies of voters.

Two Men of Might

By Alvah Milton Kerr

AT THEIR marriage the real peril began. Even the ceremony had in it an element of tragedy—at least for the little preacher who pronounced the service, for he loved the woman whom words of his were joining to another. So it was not strange that his slim fingers quivered when he laid them on the clasped hands of the two who were entering into the sovereign pact, and that his voice trembled oddly when he prayed that the safety and sweetness of Heaven might descend upon and live in the union of their lives. He did not say "Amen." His lips twisted and worked to shape the word, but it died in his throat, and the marriage rite was ended.

Outside lay a rolling, pine-covered land, swinging up into mountains and banking the distances with whites and purples. Through it a river, blue, mighty, immeasurable in power, pushed toward the sea. Oregon and the river in June; an atmosphere of crystal purity and lightness, brittle, balmy, luminous; far-heaping reaches, clothed with pines as some lands are clothed with grass; a railroad that followed the river's windings throughout a half day's journey, and at a certain point a division station, with round-house, shops and dispatcher's office—a seat of authority; that was the region and the scene.

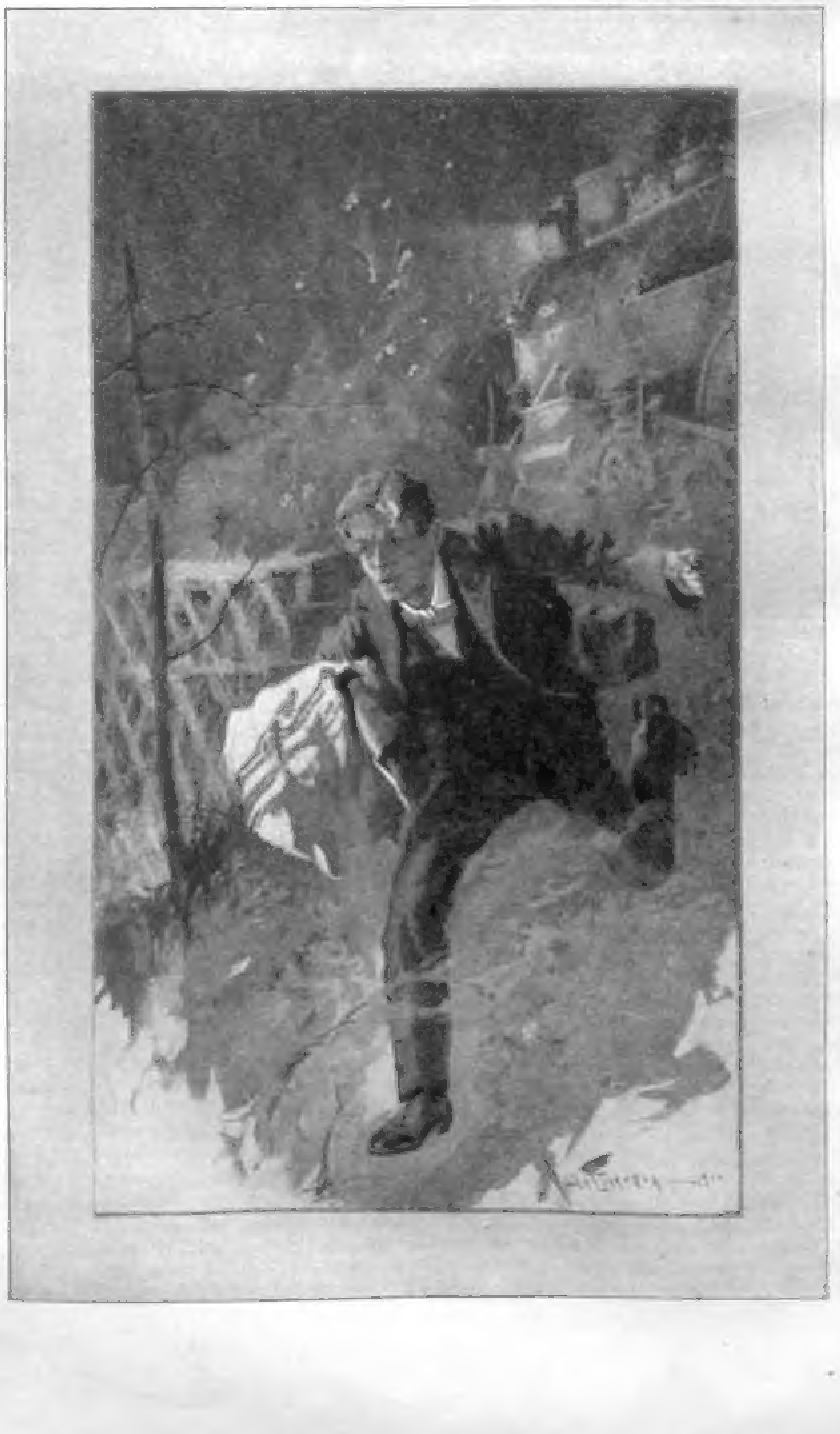
Inside, where the wedding was made, as the little preacher dropped back with that last choking sound in his throat, the assembled guests, largely feminine, swooped forward in an ecstatic assault and smothered the blushing bride in her sweetness as a bee might be crushed in honey. Kisses flew, and even Manager Harlow, the groom, caught one or two smacks upon his big, strong face.

Ordinarily such a liberty from a Blue Level resident would have seemed unthinkable, the Manager being an iron sort of man, not wholly cold and repellent, but stern, pushing and without humor.

Now, however, human words had made a man and woman one, and in the warmth of the rosy deed convention went to the wind, and kisses were as free as carnival flowers wherewith to pelt the favored couple. There was a gray species of smile even upon the smooth-shaven, almost girlish face of the little preacher, as he stood in the background with his hands behind him, faintly stooped in the shoulders, and looking far older than any one had ever thought him.

Presently the bride and groom came out of the chattering press of well-wishers and paused before him. The bride was rosy and smiling, but her eyes sought his face and dwelt upon it a moment in something like appeal. A throb of pity moved her, seeing him look so ill. Nevertheless, he looked her straight in the face and pressed her hand and blessed her. Then he gave his hand to the man by her side. For a moment they faced each other, the great and the small—two men of might.

Gathering the wet blankets in his arms he leaped from the engine



Harlow was a Hercules, big and dark of head, big and dominating of body, full-blooded, aggressive, a matchless example of physical and mental power. He had always been enamored of Force, of the weight and driving pressure of material might. He was of that type, and believed in it, and had won success with it. Native with him as it was, he was scarcely aware of the existence of any other power. He had pushed his way up from an obscure corner of life to a position of power by the compelling weight of a tremendous activity and the purely brutal essentials of the born general. Sentiment, the finer manifestations of intellect, and even policy, had been largely absent from the process. From the humble position of a section foreman he had crushed his way through and over all obstructions to the Manager's desk. One distinction had always related itself closely with his progress: he could do more work himself and make other men work harder and more effectively and for less remuneration than any of his colleagues. As a foreman of bridge work, foreman of a construction train, division roadmaster, general foreman of construction on several expanding systems of railway, he had been a driver of men and merciless in the expenditure of his own strength. He knew a railroad as a preacher should know his Bible, and he knew men, on one side, but women not at all.

Thomas Lane, the minister—how shall one make the reader see him? Far less obvious than Harlow in every physical aspect, his personality was yet, somehow, more surely and swiftly felt by every normal nature.

How he looked that morning—it was an early wedding—is quite clear to me: his slender figure, his beautiful head, light of hair and classically turned about the temples and forehead, his small mouth and sensitive nostrils, his delicate hands and feet, and the unfailing solicitude beaming from his blue eyes. For a moment an almost painful flavor of appeal was in his look and attitude. But how could he say to the towering creature before him: "Deal gently with your wife; I love her!" Still, the look was in his eyes, though he only wrung the big man's hands and said: "God bless you, sir; God bless you!"

Afterward, when Harlow offered him money for the ministerial service, Lane handed it back. He could not possibly take money for having married *her* to another.

And why had he permitted himself to fill such an office? Because she, drawn to him strangely, yet not wholly understanding, had asked him to. She would have no other.

At the end of a week, in which the Manager had rushed with his bride half across the continent and back again, the excited clacking fell to a quietly interested verbal hum, and Blue Level life began to go forward normally. The Manager had felt that he could not be absent from work for more than a week, even on so momentous an adventure as a wedding trip. He had contrived, too, that even this tiny season of flowery loitering should not entirely separate him from business, for it was reported that he had spent more time standing on the rear platform of trains, during the journey, smoking furiously and studying the tracks, than he had spent with his bride inside the Pullman.

Be that as it may, the pair went at once to housekeeping in Harlow's new residence half way up the first green hill back of the round-house. The Manager possessed some money, chiefly because he had never found time to spend it. He was forty years old. He had not married earlier, chiefly because he had been too busy.

That his young wife did not fare well was not long in heralding itself by means of her pale and troubled countenance. As time passed she got to have a starved look, and Lane, with a countenance of the same cast, avoided her. The young wife grew sad and bitter. Lane grew sad and pitiful.

By constitution he was compassionate. Harlow had always been normally indifferent to the troubles, and even death, of other creatures. Each man felt a different influence emanating from the face of Nature.

Lane always went to the top of the ridge Sabbath mornings to look upon distant Mt. Hood, to gather power from the vision of its beauty and strength, ere he descended to the big wooden church by the river to talk to men of life and love. Sometimes when he looked at that gigantic, snow-white temple of silence he prayed for Katie Harlow, sometimes for himself, that he might have strength to bear his own heart-hunger.

From the first there had been one dominant note in his message to men—brotherhood, tolerance, love. Now that note was all-pervading in his teaching, a vibrant, thrilling quality of mercy. Manager Harlow worked on Sundays much as on other days, but came one Sabbath evening to hear Lane preach. Katie sat by the big man's side, looking white and thin. By times during the discourse she lifted her eyes appealingly to her husband's face; once they brimmed with tears. Harlow sat stolid, impassive. As he arose to his feet after the benediction he looked around at the audience. The place was packed with railroad men and their children, sweethearts and wives. He glowered darkly.

"Wasn't the sermon beautiful?" said Katie as they descended the steps.

"It was all nonsense!" growled the Manager, and Katie was silent.

The Manager came striding through the repair shops the next morning, glancing sharply at everything. There was a clangor of steam hammers and a gnawing undercurrent of burring lathes and planes. A splintered box car had been brought up from a slight wreck at Taylor Siding. Harlow stood looking at it. Back of him, with their faces turned from him, two men at lathes were talking loudly.

"Lane's all bunky," called one; "we ought to create the office of chaplain in the Brotherhood an' elect him to it."

The other laughed. "He'd fill the bill. He's short on dogma an' doctrine, but he's long on equality an' justice."

Harlow wheeled around angrily and walked by them. The men glanced at each other and fell silent.

"Looks black, like he was on the warpath," said the younger man. "One of the dispatchers told me yesterday that all hands had better look out for a cut; volume of business not quite up to last year's."

"Of course they won't take it out of the stockholders' profits; got t' throw the loss on the men who do the work," was the gruff rejoinder.

"Always was so, an' always will be," sang the other. He kicked a broken wrench out of the way and began to whistle. "Say," he broke out in the middle of the tune, "if we have trouble and want to arbitrate, the little preacher'd be a good feller for chairman of the committee."

"Yes; he'd do right; might be too honest, though."

However, the dreaded "cut" went unrealized that season; but early in the following September the struggle began.

Some odd and trying moments had fallen to the little preacher as the months elapsed. Every Sunday Katie's face, with the pain of her starving heart in it, looked to him from her seat in church, devouring his comforting words in pitiful fashion. Harlow was never with her. Insensibly Lane came to preach almost entirely for her, yet his congregation grew. Surely there were many troubled souls! By times he vaguely questioned if he had not sinned in keeping his love hidden from her until it was too late. But he had possessed almost nothing; it was not the business of his life to get money and property. How could he have asked her to share such a fate when a splendid home and the social throne of Blue Level, and all that region, stood ready and inviting her? Now she looked at life with tearful seriousness from out the shadow of a great disappointment, but—was it too late?

Twice she came to him, once in the spring and again in early summer. She found him in his study, the front room of a little board house down by the church, where a single Chinaman, as servant, cook and general factotum, contrived and managed his household life. At the first interview Lane listened, shaken through all his senses. Harlow and she had quarreled many times, Katie said; he was brutal, impatient, exacting, neglectful. She could endure it no longer. Her life was an agony of resentment and unhappiness.

"You have a mother—why not go to her for counsel? I—I am not fit to judge," he said, and his face flushed.

She made an indescribable motion of despairing disgust with her hands. "Mother wants me to endure it—to live on with him—I——" She stopped short and got to her feet looking curiously at his face.

He lifted his eyes to hers an instant imploringly. "You must not tell me these things," he said huskily. "You must go away—I—do you not understand—I——"

Her face whitened and she looked around fearfully, as if a great billow of disaster were rushing in upon them. Suddenly she looked into his eyes and her cheeks flamed. She put out her hands toward him tremblingly, then drew them back. He clutched fast the arms of his study chair and hung there. "You must go away—you must not come here—you know now—it isn't right," he cried, fighting to master himself.

"Oh!" she said, and the word was a kind of a sob; "I wish I'd known—known—before!" She turned helplessly and went out with an uncertain, wavering step, and Lane sat trembling and staring, but seeing nothing.

She came again three months later, but he would not listen. He was writing at his desk and found her kneeling at his knee almost before he was aware that she had entered.

He took her almost roughly by the wrists and lifted her up. She looked half insane. A great anger mingled with pity swept over him. He led her to the door without a word, then released her. "Go to your mother," he said thickly; "stay with her; to help you is—is all beyond me."

She walked away, white, erect, unwavering. Lane returned to his desk and dropped down on the chair, limp, unmanned.

After that for a time he went less among men. He walked the solitudes of the hills and mountains daily, dejected, brooding, hating Harlow. He told himself that he had sinned immeasurably by keeping his soul's cry hushed while the being he loved went unchallenged to her doom.

Then came Harlow's campaign of wage reduction, and the little preacher in a sense lost his own suffering in the vortex of common trouble. Throughout the spring and summer the Manager's tone had been harsh, impatient, compelling. We of the dispatcher's office knew it well, this vinegary atmosphere. Men were "let out" here and there, all the way down from our office force to the section gangs. Then the whole road suddenly fell silent, the mighty shuttles ceased to fly along the steel threads to and from the sea. Almost to a man the army of employees struck.

But Harlow did not yield. With astounding energy he set about manning the road with a new army of help. Recruits for the minor positions could be had in abundance, but to man a whole system with conductors, engineers and firemen—that was difficult; in the face of the host of workers, idle but holding the field, almost impossible. The character of the resistance maddened Harlow. Crank-pins, throttle levers, connecting rods disappeared from engines when the locomotives were wanted, only to appear in proper position when the engines were not needed. Water tanks mysteriously ran empty, air-brake connections vanished and again materialized. Harlow's mood got black.

Then, after ten days of stagnation came the dénouement. For three months the weather had been dry; not a drop of rain had fallen. The spruce ties of the track were cracked and exuding pitch; the forests invited the torch. In the twilight of that night of tragedy Lane paced a hilltop near the town thinking of many things. The dazzle on the gray head of Mt. Hood had dulled to ochre, the mountain-waves hiding the fallen sun to the westward were as ramparts of blue vitriol, a gray foam of smoke welled out of the hollows far down the river. He could dimly see a portion of the wooded heave of earth fronting the great curve of Meeker Bend, twenty miles away. Over its spine and down its eastern slope, toward the railroad, crept a spreading sea of vapor freckled with wandering gleams as from a drizzle of fireflies.

"The forest is on fire," thought Lane, moving about to get a better view and peering hard through the long sweep of purple dusk. "If it works down into the elbow of the Bend it may destroy the trestle. That would be a great loss."

He stood looking with his hat in his hand and a strong wind from the far sea blowing his light hair about his temples. He looked thinner than when he had heard the vows of Harlow and Katie. If Katie would only go back to her husband! Unpleasant comment had been drifting in the gossip of the town. After that revelation in his study, seeing her so frightfully unhappy, a haunting apprehension had pursued him that he should break down.

It had been a long time dark when he came down from the hills. To his amazement, turmoil had come upon the town; strife and blows and fighting had invaded the railroad yards. Harlow had arrived from the East with two coaches full of men, many of whom claimed experience and ability sufficient to operate engines and trains. The Manager announced that the rolling-stock should now move, and that any man who interrupted it would be arrested or shot. There were protestations, pleadings; nevertheless, two trains went East. Then the strikers ceased to be of tender mood. Driver crank-pins, brake mechanism, levers of different sorts began to disappear; several of the newcomers passed from active availability to tame innocuousness, through the impact of coupling-pins.

Harlow, black and bursting with rage, came into the dispatcher's office, a literal human storm. The temerity of the strikers was monstrous, inexpressible! He telegraphed the United States Marshal, at a big town nearer the sea, that violence had been done at Blue Level, and to hold himself and deputies in readiness to come at once to the scene. He—the Manager—would go directly to the big town with a train and fetch them. Lane came into the office with a self-appointed committee of peace-loving strikers. Several men were lying hurt in houses of the town. The little preacher and the committee appealed for a compromise; for a reduction in the wage scale and amicable adjustment. Harlow, angry, aggressive and virulent, ordered Lane and his committee from the room. They went, and immediately the members of the committee, save Lane, were also aggressive, angry, virulent. They tramped off to the west end of the yards, and getting hold of a handcar sent it humming down the long winding grade toward the trestle at Meeker Bend. They were lovers of peace, but since Mr. Harlow was so offensive they would see that he brought no meddlesome deputies to Blue Level. Lane went sadly up to his little house by the church and sat on the doorstep and fanned himself.

Harlow wrote for a half hour or more dispatches to the President, Traffic Manager, General Passenger Agent, Road Masters and other officials here and there on the line, then he came down into the yards with a revolver in his hand. He went straight to the round-house and ordered an engine out at the point of the pistol. The hostler brought the engine out on the main line, then took to his heels. It was after midnight now, and not a fireman or engineer was in sight. Harlow ordered a wiper to get into the cab and fire. The wiper obeyed. The Manager threw off his coat and swung his big form into the cab and took the throttle. He backed the engine down to the two coaches in which the men had come from the East, then shouted for Chief Ward. The old dispatcher came down from the office and made the coupling, and at Harlow's order mounted the platform of the rear coach, a revolver in hand.

"If any one interferes, shoot," said the Manager; "I'll take care of the front end." He bit off the words with a snap of his big jaw and opened the throttle. As they rolled down the yards the hostler and a half-dozen strikers came out of the darkness and made for the train. Ward fired in the air; Harlow shot to kill, but missed. The attacking party retreated, and the train moved swiftly through the switches and went thundering down the track toward the unseen dangers at Meeker Bend.

A half hour later the hostler and four strikers came up the street by Lane's little house. Some were going home, others were on the way to waken certain brethren and tell them that the Manager had succeeded in making off to fetch the Marshal and deputies. Lane was standing by his gate. They told him the story, and he in turn told them of the forest fire at Meeker Bend. He had forgotten it in the turmoil and excitement of the hours just gone. Now it stirred his imagination strangely. If the flames came down to the track and trestle, what might not happen? Harlow had gone to meet it. Would he return to Blue Level defeated? Would not his ten days of anger and trouble, coupled with his life-long habit of pushing through all obstructions, lead him to run the gauntlet of fire? And what then? Again that awful thought from which he had shrunk in horror stormed the little preacher's soul. He moved about uneasily. The men, with divers comments on Harlow's probable bad fortune, presently passed onward. Lane quit the gate and went hurriedly through the town and off to the hills. Panting, and with heart hammering hard in his side, he came to the top of a ridge and looked toward the west. Though the region was twenty miles away, he could see that all about Meeker Bend billowed a waste of fire. Down in the Bend he could not see. What was happening there? Something seemed to clutch his heart, and he turned quickly and hurried down the hill toward the sleeping town. He saw a light in Harlow's house as he descended. Had Katie returned to her home? Was she waiting for Harlow to come? He turned resolutely toward the yards; the dispatcher must be given information about the fire.

Down in Meeker Bend sore fortune had fallen. Rounding the long ridge which hid a great horseshoe bend of the river and all that lay in the curve from the towns eastward, Harlow came face to face with the fire. Even his resolute spirit recoiled for a moment. He put the throttle lever back a couple of notches, but kept onward. Chief Ward, tired out, had lain down in a seat in the rear coach and had fallen asleep. The little wiper, who was firing, in sudden terror swung himself through the gangway down to the steps and leaped from the engine.

The engine rolled swiftly in through the burning timber. Here and there the ties were on fire; blazing trees tottered and fell. At points the heat drove Harlow from the cab window. He heard Ward crying out and panes of glass breaking in the windows of the coaches. He must be near the trestle now! Through the throbbing bands of light and darkness and writhing waves of smoke he caught a glimpse of the long structure curving over the brushy swale and sluggish pools of Meeker Run, like some sort of thousand-legged monster. It was only a glimpse he had, then the engine cab rolled full of smoke and stinging cinders.

A grinding jar leaped up from the wheels, a long, tearing snarl of sound, then came a splintering crash, a deadly sinking downward of all things, a gush of fire and vapor and rending objects, and the engine smote the swale thirty feet below. Great as he was, Harlow was hurled from the bursting cab like a snapped bolt-head. He fell twenty feet away at the water's edge, broken of body and unconscious. Ward had leaped off the rear platform near the trestle approach, and, scorched and with clothes on fire, came tearing down through the brush and plunged into the water. As he arose in the grateful fluid voices came from the opposite shore, and a moment later two men came wading toward him, dragging a third, who was insensible. Their faces were white with fear and the wavering radiance of the surrounding flames. They were the strikers who had come to the trestle to compass Harlow's defeat. Their objective had been a spur track leading from near the eastern end of the trestle to an unused gravel-pit some three hundred feet toward the left. Harlow's train was to have been thrown in on the spur and the switch spiked, but the fire had driven them onward across the trestle with hope of escape westward. Driven back at that point they had abandoned the car and made for the pools of Meeker Run. One of their number had swooned and expired, a second was dragged through the burning brush and brought into the water.

Old Ward looked at them, at the wrecked engine and coaches burning under the eastern end of the trestle, at Harlow lying in a disordered heap at the margin of the pool. Ward turned on the men.

"Is there any way out of this?" he demanded.

One of the men was holding up his swooning comrade from the water, the third was dipping up fluid in two blistered hands and dashing it into the insensible man's face.

"No; we're trapped," said one of them.

Ward looked northward. A half mile away the great river ran across the mouth of the swale, but the broad hollow leading to it, choked with bushes and tangle, was a trough of fire. To the southward the side of the great curving ridge was a tousle of smoke and flames. He knew what was eastward, for they had come through it. From the west the men had been driven back. The region was as dry ashes and the Run was no more than a trickle of water with here and there a pool.

The old dispatcher had set his brain to the solving of more than one problem that involved the fate of human life, but this was far the worst.

"Get Mr. Harlow into the water; bathe his face," he said.

A tangle of broken wires lay through the swale. The wrecked coaches had snapped off a pole and thrown them down. There were four. Ward picked up the wires one by one and touched each broken end to his tongue. Two gave off the needle-thrust of the electric spark; the others were broken somewhere eastward. He twisted off a piece some twenty feet long from one of the dead wires and thrust an end of it in the muck at the edge of the pool, then carried the opposite end near the end of one of the live wires. Getting some dry sticks under his feet to insulate his body, he folded his soft hat about the ground-wire to insulate it from his left hand, then with the right he tapped the live wire on the ground wire, writing the Morse telegraph code as one would tap it on a table with a pencil. Working the Blue Level main battery through the ground-wire by thus breaking and closing the circuit, he closed and opened the relay sounder in the dispatcher's office as one might with a distant telegraph key.

"*Meeker Bend trestle burning*," he tapped. "*Woods on fire—train wrecked—Harlow and others probably dead—we are hemmed in—send engine and wet blankets quick.*"

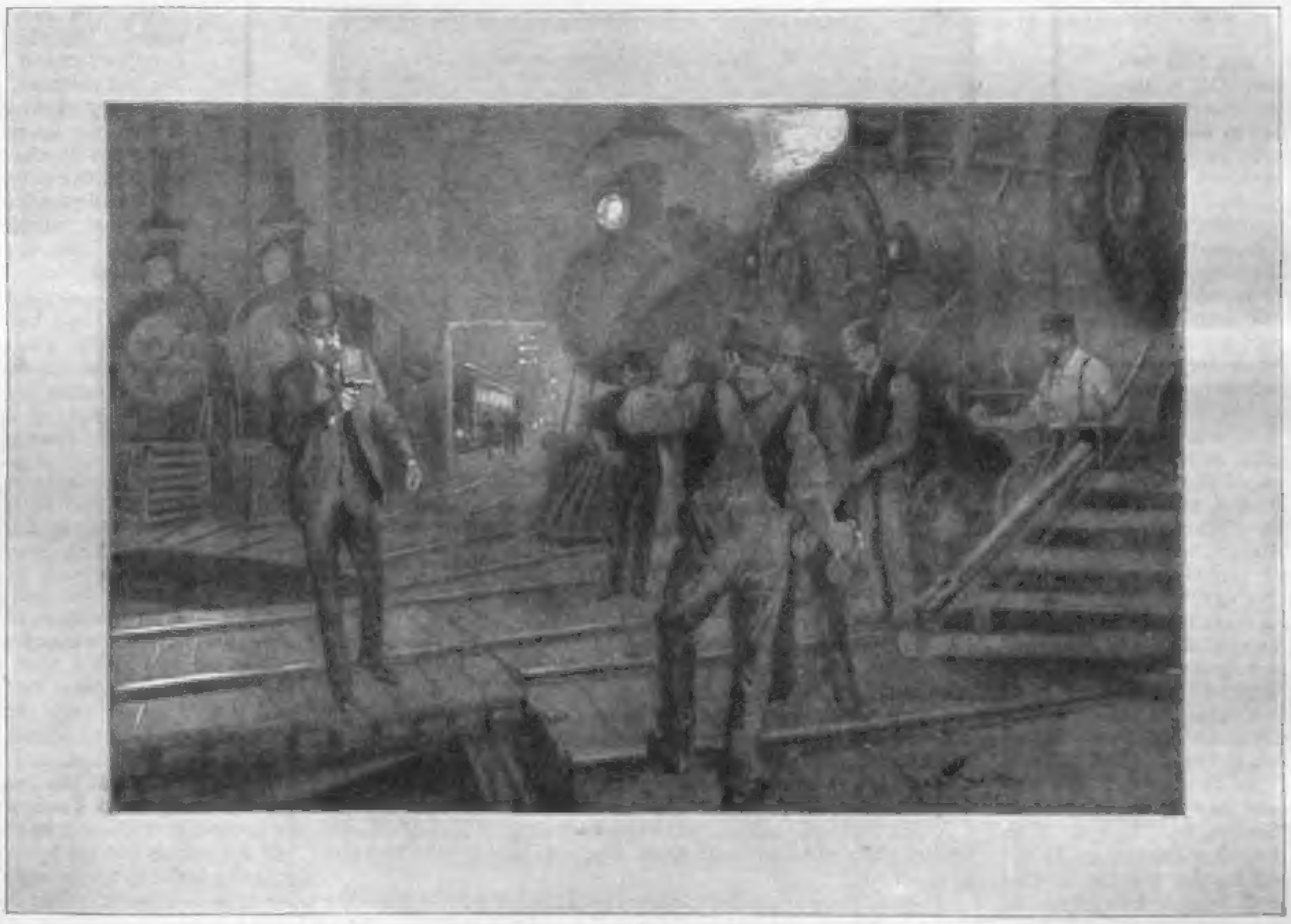
He wrote the message over and over, first on one wire and then the other, steadily and with the profound care of a surgeon using the knife. The region roared like a forest filled with a million nesting pigeons, smoke rolled down upon him in stifling billows, but he wrote the message of life or death steadily over and over again. A reply was impossible; only a rescuing engine could make answer.

Up at Blue Level young Trueax, dispatching the fourth trick, was lolling sleepily in his chair. Nothing was doing; the instruments were silent. Suddenly two of the sounders clicked and fell still. He put in the ground plug; the two wires were open west. It mattered little. He sat on and began to doze. Something came into his sleep like a voice—that fearful message from Ward. He aroused himself and listened, holding his breath. The message came again, slow, distinct, oddly spaced and dotted. His hair crept on his scalp. He caught the telegraph key and tried to break and answer, but when he shut the key the message was coming a third time.

He leaped up, ran into the hall, and lunged down the stairs and out on to the station platform. He met Lane hurrying toward him.

"Woods on fire at Meeker Bend!" gasped Trueax. "Train wrecked—Ward wants an engine and wet blankets—Harlow is hurt—maybe killed. To think, his wife came back to him yesterday, and——"

The little preacher did not wait; before the last words were out of the dispatcher's mouth he was racing toward the round-house. Trueax turned and ran up the street to waken Breamer, master mechanic. Lane burst breathless into the round-house at the small side-door and looked about him. Twelve mighty horses with which to make the race stood there in a half circle, twelve black, shadowy monsters with heads lifted almost to the sooty roof. Some were breathing softly; most of them were silent. A wiper lay asleep on a bench, another with torch in hand and a fist full of waste was polishing the glimmering flank of one of the locomotives. Lane leaped toward him.



He went straight to the round-house and ordered an engine out at the point of the pistol

"Get out an engine, quick!" he shouted. "Train wrecked at Meeker Trestle—woods burning—men hurt and hemmed in by fire—in God's name, be quick!"

"Yes, Mr. Lane," said the wiper, scrambling into the cab. "There ain't much steam here on the 305, but she'll run, I guess. Open the doors there, Bill! You and Jack come out to the table and help me turn her! We'll have her on the main line in a jiffy, Mr. Lane."

The little preacher turned and rushed out and down the track. On a siding he found a caboose, and, entering it, pulled an armful of blankets from a bunk and flew down to the river's brink. Without pausing, he leaped into the water, drenching himself and the blankets, then scrambled out and up to the main track. As the 305 came steaming down the line he threw the blankets into the gangway of the engine and climbed aboard. A wiper was at the throttle, another was throwing pine wood and oiled waste into the furnace.

"Go ahead!" cried Lane.

The man at the throttle lever put it back. "We must wait for Breamer's orders," he said.

"Never! Not an instant!" cried Lane, and his soft voice was suddenly like a knife. "There are no trains on the road—we need no orders—the saving of seconds means life, the wasting of them means death. Give me the lever!" He almost tore the young fellow from the seat and opened the valves wide with something like a blow. The giant machine seemed to rise and quiver with the shock, then tore down through the switches and away.

"Get her hot! Both of you work! Pour the oil on the wood! Throw in all the waste you have!" shouted Lane. In the roar of the machine his voice sounded high and harsh. His eyes were blazing, his slender, nervous fingers worked on the throttle lever impatiently. The hollow, silent vault of night echoed and clamored with the rushing tempest of noise. All the way the track flowed downward, and they shot through cuts and around the endless curves with the throttle wide. On either hand, forest, hillside, homes, thickets, river, streamed backward, shadowy, distorted. By times the laboring firemen were thrown violently from side to side; on the compound curves it seemed the flying giant would leave the rails. Lane himself was almost momentarily hurled to the left against the reversing lever, or to the right against the window of the cab, but he stuck fast, and with white face peered ahead.

At length they burst into the great curve of Meeker Bend and faced the gleaming slopes of fire. The cab was suddenly radiant, and figures in it clothed as in silver. Lane shut off and gave her a hatful of air.

"Jump off, boys, when she slacks speed," he cried. "No need of more than one man going into this."

One of the wipers clutched his arm with shaking fingers.

"Don't go, Mr. Lane; you'll never come back!" he pleaded.

"If it be so it shall please God," said Lane reverently. "This is my task. Drop off now."

The wipers swung down and disappeared. Lane caught a dripping blanket from the fuel-deck and wrapped it around his body and over his head. He put the reversing lever back and opened the throttle, and the next moment the engine plunged into the flaming woods.

By now long stretches of ties were blazing, burning treetops lay across the track; the smoke and heat were frightful. The little preacher pulled the wet blanket across his mouth and tried to look ahead, but could see nothing distinctly. Sparks and embers rolled over the engine like a fiery snowstorm as the iron monster plowed through the burning stuff, tossing the blazing branches and logs aside like some sort of maddened bull. Lane heard the headlight crash and the cab beaten as with lashing whips. Choking and struggling he strained to see ahead. At the same point from which Harlow saw the trestle he got a glimpse of it. The whole curving length of it was blazing. Instantly the emergency lever went over, and the engine, gray with ashes and festooned with clinging fire, stopped in open ground near the end of the trestle.

The region was a glare of light, and Lane saw with dismay five human heads seemingly floating in a glinting pool of water a hundred feet south of the trestle.

As he looked, one of the heads arose and with it a human form, and a joyous yell came up to him.

Gathering the wet blankets in his arms he leaped from the engine, and zigzagging swiftly through the burning brush, burst headlong into the water. His face was blistered and the leather on his feet was crisp. Hands suddenly gathered him up and a man kissed him; the man was old Ward.

"God bless you, Lane!" he said with something like a sob. "We are about at the last gasp here. I guess Harlow is done for."

Lane glanced around him. The Manager lay in the water near the shallow pool's centre, and one of the strikers was hovering over him, trying to protect his face from the blowing billows of smoke and heat.

Lane stepped forward and fell on his knees beside them. Harlow's aspect shocked him inexpressibly.

"He's dying," whispered the striker, himself gasping and struggling for breath.

Lane shook from head to foot. A fleeting vision of the future's possible store swept before him through the hell of fire and torture. In this wild moment was he turning selfish and weak? Was he, after all, a coward?

"We must get him home—to a physician—to his wife!" he cried, getting to his feet, smitten with pity for the man, and stung with fear of the thing that pushed at the door of his own heart.

He looked around at the others. Each man, obedient to Nature's final law, was lying low in the glimmering pool with a dripping blanket held as a tiny canopy over his face. Lane himself reeled and choked as a great billow of smoke drove down upon them. Suddenly, with a thunderous crash, a section of the trestle fell, beating up a powdery, hissing cloud of fire. At that Harlow leaped to his feet with a grating, raucous cry and stood wavering, a terrible and ferocious object. In the delirium of death the dominant tendency of his nature clung to his latest purpose fixedly, inexorably.

"I'll not yield! Never!" he roared. "We'll settle this strike when you submit and not before! Come on, deputies! Get aboard!"

He glared around an instant with wide, burning eyes, then started toward the trestle, but his extended arms fell like plummets of lead, his mighty limbs doubled under him like pipes of wax, and as Lane and Ward, who had arisen and rushed swiftly forward, caught at him, he fell.

For a moment he shivered as his veins ran full of the cold of death, then he sighed wearily and straightened himself, and lay still.

Lane picked up a blanket from the water and tenderly spread it over him, then dropped down in the protecting pool and lay quivering, all his strength gone. The struggle was ended. The end had come.

Ward became the dominating spirit after that. It was he who led the way out to the engine when, an hour later, the fire had measurably slackened; and it was he who got the living and the dead out of the gorge and brought them into Blue Level on the 305.

Lane did not go to see Katie or officiate at the burial of Harlow; he felt such a step indelicate and impossible. A week later he disappeared, and at the end of a month a letter came to Katie's mother from him, stating that he was in charge of a pastorate in Portland. Then there was a year of silence, then another letter, and one summer day the little minister came back to Blue Level, as Katie always knew he would, and the girl he had married to Harlow became his wife.

As for the strike, that was settled three days after Harlow's death. The hand of might once lifted, the shuttles of traffic began to play again. Incidentally, too, the atmosphere of the division offices grew bearably sweet.

Staging Grand Opera By William Parry

Stage Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House

Mr. Saléza as a cowboy on his native heath

THE first thing I do in preparing for the road is to get from Mr. Grau the list of operas to be presented, and then, with a staff of one hundred assistants, the packing begins. One hundred and thirty theatre trunks are required for the costumes of the chorus, the properties and the electrical effects. As for the principals, each one has his or her separate collection of from twenty-five to thirty trunks. But this is only part, for beyond this each member of the chorus and ballet takes one trunk. The total strength of the personnel numbers 263, so an estimate of the amount of baggage carried on these journeys can be roughly made. Of the 130 theatre trunks containing the costumes and accessories, each is carefully marked and numbered, and the articles and the opera in which they are to be used are recorded.

Without absolute method nothing would be possible with such a mass of material and in the great haste required in preparation.

The Metropolitan Opera House has four immense storehouses where the paraphernalia of the institution are kept, and there, with the assistance of the local staff, directed by the seven wardrobe people who accompany us on tour, the packing is done, the music being put in a separate set of boxes which add yet more to the grand total.

The staff traveling with the organization includes four stage carpenters, three property men, three electricians, the seven wardrobe people mentioned, a ballet master and three baggage men. While, of necessity, the New York local force must be supplanted on tour by forces secured in each place visited, order and precision are maintained by appointing one man in each department captain. These captains are each in turn responsible to me, and I am responsible for all.

On arriving in a town the baggage is at once taken in hand, under the direction of the three baggage men, and hurried to the theatre, where I have gone on ahead to arrange the allotment of the dressing-rooms. This is established by precedent, the principal soprano and tenor being given first choice and the rest following in the order of their importance, like guests at a state dinner.

Madame Minnie Hauk was an exception in the dressing-room arrangement, however, and sometimes we had to build one especially for her. She had a superstition that it was ill luck to dress on the left side of the stage. As the dressing-room accommodations at some theatres were all to the left of the stage there was no alternative but to build one of scenery for her on the right. She would not dress until this was done. Only once did she overcome her scruples in this direction, and that was at the Auditorium, in Chicago. The "star's" dressing-room there is to the left of the stage. When Madame Hauk heard that she went to the theatre at five o'clock in the afternoon and camped, bag and baggage, to keep her rival, Madame Marie Roze, who was also to sing that night, from getting it. Madame Roze, who was the sweetest tempered of women, merely said, although in reality she was singing the prima-donna rôle that night:

"Why didn't she tell me she wanted it and save herself all this trouble? I should gladly have given it to her."

On the stage door of the theatre, first thing on arriving, I have placed opposite each name the number of the dressing-room which that singer is to occupy. As for the members of the chorus, they, poor things, when accommodations fall short, are obliged to dress in relays.

Again, the principals as well as the chorus have to put up with decided inconvenience, but the most amusing experience was on our recent tour to the Pacific Coast. In one town visited, dressing-rooms had been built of canvas over a wooden framework. When they were illuminated and preparations for the performance were in progress the result was a series of funny shadow pictures.

On the arrival of the trunks from the special train the wardrobe people take out the costumes and lay them in the proper dressing-rooms. A mistake would be serious, but they are people of long experience and know their business and the repertory, and the misplacing of a single item is of rare occurrence. Then comes the drilling of the "supers," which not infrequently has to be done in the noon hour, and is no light task. In some towns, of course, we do not have so much trouble. In Boston, for instance, we have Harvard students, intelligent men, who come for the pleasure of the thing. They receive no fee, indeed they frequently pay for the privilege of appearing, and the manager of the "supers" reaps quite a tidy little harvest. But it is not always such pleasant sailing.

Mr. David Bispham and his colleagues find an impromptu gymnasium in a hand-car — caught en route

I remember once when we were playing Il Trovatore in a small town that I needed for the last act two guards to drag Manrico to his execution. I got them; big, brawny local men. There was no time for rehearsal, and at the last moment I had to instruct them what to do.

"Take a good hold of the tenor," I said, "and the more he struggles the more you must appear to struggle. Make it look natural."

They did make it look natural. It grew to be the real thing. They were in earnest. Grabbing the tenor, the struggle began, until they rocked and reeled, a human triangle. The more the tenor tried to free himself the more my new "supers" thought he was acting up to his part. When I got to them they were in the wings. The tenor, at last in the possession of his arms, had drawn his sword and wanted to kill them. To make matters yet worse the tenor spoke no English, and the more vehement his Italian grew the funnier they had thought it was and the more they had laughed. That tenor had a pair of sore arms for days.

A call is made, soon after arriving, for the orchestra members to find their proper chairs, and thus avoid confusion at the performance, as several rows of orchestra seats have to be removed in nearly every theatre to allow of their accommodation. By the time everything in the house is in order for the performance the hour of dressing for the stage not infrequently has arrived.

Mr. Pol Plançon says good-by to the Pacific

The chorus is called upon to be at the theatre half an hour before the rise of the curtain. One member of this branch is engaged to inspect his colleagues and see that every detail, even to the smallest item of costume and make-up, is correct before going on the scene. The principal singers always arrive at the theatre and begin their preparations for the performance an hour and a half, and sometimes two hours, before the time for the rise of the curtain.

A call-boy stands beside me in the wings. I have to keep my mind intent on every detail of the scene, and he summons each singer as I call the name, just before the time of entrance on the stage. The chorus members, owing to the fact that they crowd into the wings, must be called at the last moment. This system of "calls" is only necessary on the road, as at the Metropolitan Opera House we have a series of electric bells placed in rows, one above the other, thirty-two of them in all, like the stops on an organ.

To secure a finished performance the stage manager must superintend the scenery; the changes in lighting (moon, sun, twilight or whatever the demand may be); the properties, down to the smallest item; the costumes; the exits and entrances; and all the business of the chorus, ballet and principals; and he must be familiar with every bar of the music.

The matter of entrances upon the stage, for instance, is very important, and has sometimes to be made exactly upon a certain note. Mozart's Don Giovanni is a difficult opera in this respect, and so constantly are the singers called upon to appear and reappear on the stage that they very rarely know the proper moment without being told. The same composer's Magic Flute is a difficult work to stage, but I have been familiar with it for the last twenty-five or thirty years, since the days of Titiens, and last season when it was brought out it seemed no harder to do than Don Giovanni.

The opera which I take most pride in staging is Boito's Mefistofele. It offers fine opportunities. The composers with whom I have been thrown in preparing their operas for performance I have found exacting and totally unpractical. Boito is the exception, and understands how to get effects.

As an example of the importance of small details, suppose the knife which La Tosca uses to kill Scarpia were not in its place on the table and in the exact spot where her hand must fall upon it as though by accident. The whole act would be ruined; indeed, I may say the whole opera would be ruined, for it is a climax. The demand in detail is enormous, but fortunately I have a good memory. After thirty-four years of experience my repertory includes some fifty or sixty operas.

Sometimes, in spite of the utmost caution, an accident to the scenery cannot be guarded against, but the most ludicrous I can recall occurred years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, when a snow-drift caught fire. We were playing Il Rennegato, and were in the midst of an old-fashioned scene in which the tenor and soprano were standing in the moonlight in front of the church where they were presently to be married. On the opposite side of the stage, in the midst of

(Concluded on Page 19)

Editor's Note — Mr. William Parry, stage manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, has had an experience of thirty-four years in staging grand opera. He began under Augustus Harris, the elder, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London. Twenty-two years ago Mr. Parry made his first visit to America. Since then he has staged most of the operas presented for the first time in this country.

A small, slight man, not more than five feet three, he has the energy and endurance that often go with slight physique.

With a repertory of more than fifty operas, and with a third of a century's experience, Mr. Parry occupies a unique place in the grand opera world behind the footlights.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, Miss Carrie Bridewell, Miss Susan Strong and Madame Schumann-Heink

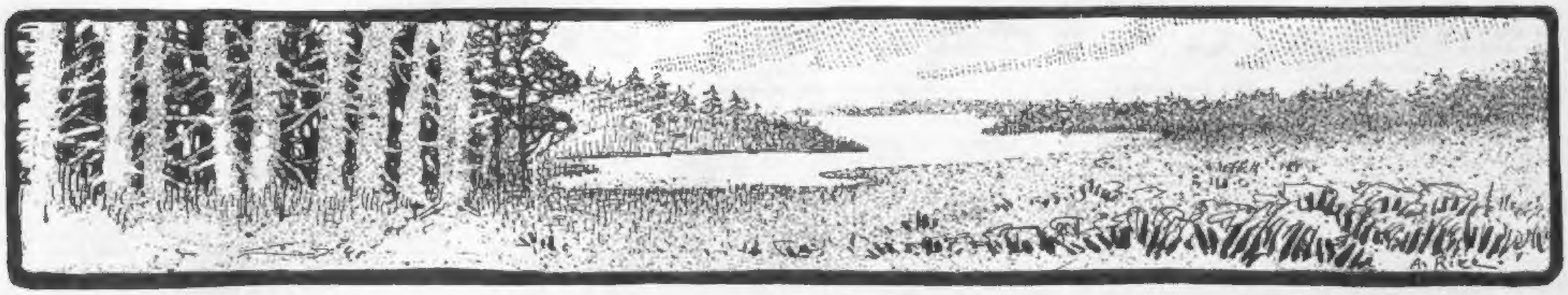
Mr. Édouard de Reszké with Mr. Stanislas de Toeplitz

Miss Carrie Bridewell (a Walküre!)

Madame Schumann-Heink, Mr. Paul Schumann and Mr. Pol Plançon

Mr. Gilibert and Mr. and Mrs. Sizes

PHOTOS. BY STANISLAS DE TOEPLITZ



The Outcasts *By* W. A. Fraser

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SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALLMENT — A'tim, half wolf, half dog, and Shag, the old buffalo bull, outcasts both, and both half-starved and hopeless, talk together of the rich feeding grounds of the Northland, and then witness the destruction of an immense herd of buffalo, driven into a cunningly arranged pound by the Blood Indians and heaped together there, helpless.

THIRD CHAPTER

SHAG was the first to awaken; the night's banquet caused the morning to come slowly to A'tim.

The pulling cut of Shag's heavy jaws on the crisp grass awoke the Dog-Wolf. He yawned heavily, and eyed the old Bull with sleepy indifference. Ghur-h-h-h! what a plaintive figure the aged Buffalo was, to be sure.

"Good-morning, Brother," whuffed Shag, his mouth full of grass; "where are you going?"

"I cached a piece of the new meat here last night," answered A'tim, as he nosed under an overhanging cut-bank. "Forest thieves!" he ejaculated angrily; "the Gray Stealers of Things have taken it." His cache was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard — not even a bone; there was nothing but the reddened stones where the meat had lain, and a foul odor of Wolf. Impetuously he rushed to the second cache; it, too, was void of all meat; the third cache held nothing but the footprints of his Gray Half-Brothers, the Wolf Thieves.

Despair crept into the heart of A'tim; what use to explore the fourth cache? The meat would be gone of a certainty. Why had he slept so soundly? Why had he hidden the meat at all? Oh! but he *was* stupid; as silly as a Calf Musk Ox.

And the other meat up at the Pound, such as was left, would be full of Death Powder, put there for the Gray Runners. How he hoped they might eat it all — the thieves! It seemed such unnecessary looting, too, to steal his food when there was so much up at the Pound; it was like the persecution that had kept him an Outcast from the Wolf Pack.

"There's nothing meaner in the world than a Wolf," he muttered; "nothing; and already I am hungry again."

At his fourth cache he scratched indifferently. But the long nails of his paw touched something soft and yielding — it was flesh. How had it escaped the Gray Stealers?

"See, Shag," he said, bringing his joint close to the Bull, and laying it down lovingly; "last night I laid in a grub stake, as my old Master would say, that would have landed me in fair condition in the Northland. Those accursed Wolves, of whose kind I am not, being a Dog, have stolen it, all but this piece. It was out of consideration for you, my friend, knowing your dread of the blood smell, that made me cache it a little apart. How I wish I had lain on it — made my bed on its soft, sweet sides. Such meat I have not eaten for many a day."

"I'm sorry," lamented Shag; "it's too bad. Here is nothing but sorrow for every one. See how still and quiet the old Range is; only those slayers of Redmen up by the Pound. Years ago, A'tim, perhaps when you were a Pup, all this prairie that is so beautiful with its short Buffalo grass, was just covered with people of my kind; and Antelope — though they were not of our kind, still we liked to see them — there was no harm in them, being, like ourselves, Grass Feeders; and to the South-West, Dog-Wolf ——"

"I am no Wolf," interrupted A'tim, thinking of his stolen meat; "I am a Dog!"

"Well, well, Dog, to the South-West — from here we can even see Chief Mountain where is that land — there were beautiful big-horned Elk, also Grass Feeders, and of a sweet temper."

"I know," ejaculated A'tim, licking at his flesh food; "in the North it was just the same with the Caribou, the whole land alive with them — and Mooswa, too."

"But now, A'tim, since the coming of the Palefaces we are slaughtered by them and by the Redmen. L-o-u-g-h — h-o-o! I shall leave this old Range to-day forever; my heart is sad."

"Come with me, then, Brother," cried A'tim; "together we will go to the land of which I have spoken. It is a long, lone trail for one. I will guard you well, for I know Man's ways; and at night we will rest side by side."

"I will go," said the Bull simply.

"Let us start," cried A'tim, seizing his joint of Buffalo meat, and sweeping the horizon with his suspicious eyes.

"Your eating is heavy," said Shag; "I will carry it for you on my horns. L-o-u-g-h — h-u! the blood smells terrible!" he exclaimed as A'tim pulled the joint over Shag's forehead.

Then the two Outcasts took up the long trail toward the Northland, where in a woof of sage green and bracken gold was woven a scheme of flesh-colored Castilleia, and wine-tinted moose-weed, and purple pea-flower; where was the golden shimmer of Gaillardia and slender star-leafed sunflower; the pencil stalk of blue-joint, and the tasseled top of luscious pony-grass: a veritable promised land for the old Bull, buffeted of his fellows, and finding the short grass of the Southland stubbornly hard against his worn teeth.

There, too, was Wapoos, the Rabbit, so easily caught in the years of plenty, and A'tim need never feel the pangs of a collapsing stomach. There also were Marten, and Grouse, and Pheasant, and Kit Beaver, and other animals sweet against the tongue. Surely the Dog-Wolf had lingered too long in that barren Southern country, where there was only the rat-faced Gopher, who was but a mouthful; with, perhaps, the chance of a Buffalo Calf caught away from the Herd. Even that chance was gone now, for man was killing them all off. Yes, it was well that they should trail to the Northland, each said to the other.

For days they plodded over the prairie, cobwebbed into deep ruts by Buffalo trails leading from grassland to water.

It was on the third day that A'tim said to the Buffalo Bull: "I am thirsty, Shag; my throat is hot with the dust. Know you of sweet drinking near — even with your sense of the hidden drinking you can find it, Great Bull, can you not?"

"This hollow trail leads to water, most assuredly," answered Shag, stepping leisurely into a path that was like an old plough furrow in a hay meadow. "Even this shows how many were my people once." The Buffalo sighed. "Within sight are more trails like this than you have toes to your feet, Dog-Wolf — this whole mighty Range from here to the Uplands, which is the home of the White Storm, is so marked with the trails of my people; and now there are only these Water Runs to remind us of them."

Soon they came to a little lake blue with the mirrored sky, its mud banks white as though with driven snow. "The bitter water mark," said Shag, as his heavy hoof sank through the white crust on the dark mud.

"I know," answered A'tim — "alkali; that's what Man calls it."

"Let us rest here this night — close to the drinking," commanded Shag; "to-morrow we will go forward again."

That night A'tim ate the last of the Buffalo meat Shag had packed on his horns for him. The next day they trailed again toward the Northland.

When they came to a river that was to be forded Shag carried the Dog-Wolf on his back; when there was presence of danger, a suspicious horseman, Shag curled up like a boulder, or crouched in a coulee, and if the Man came too near A'tim led him away on a hopeless chase. Daily the Dog-Wolf grew into the heart of Shag, the Buffalo, who listened with eager delight to his tales of the Northland.

A'tim had fared well while the meat lasted; but they were now in a land of much hunger — a land almost devoid of life; and the Dog-Wolf was coming again into the chronic state of his existence — famine.

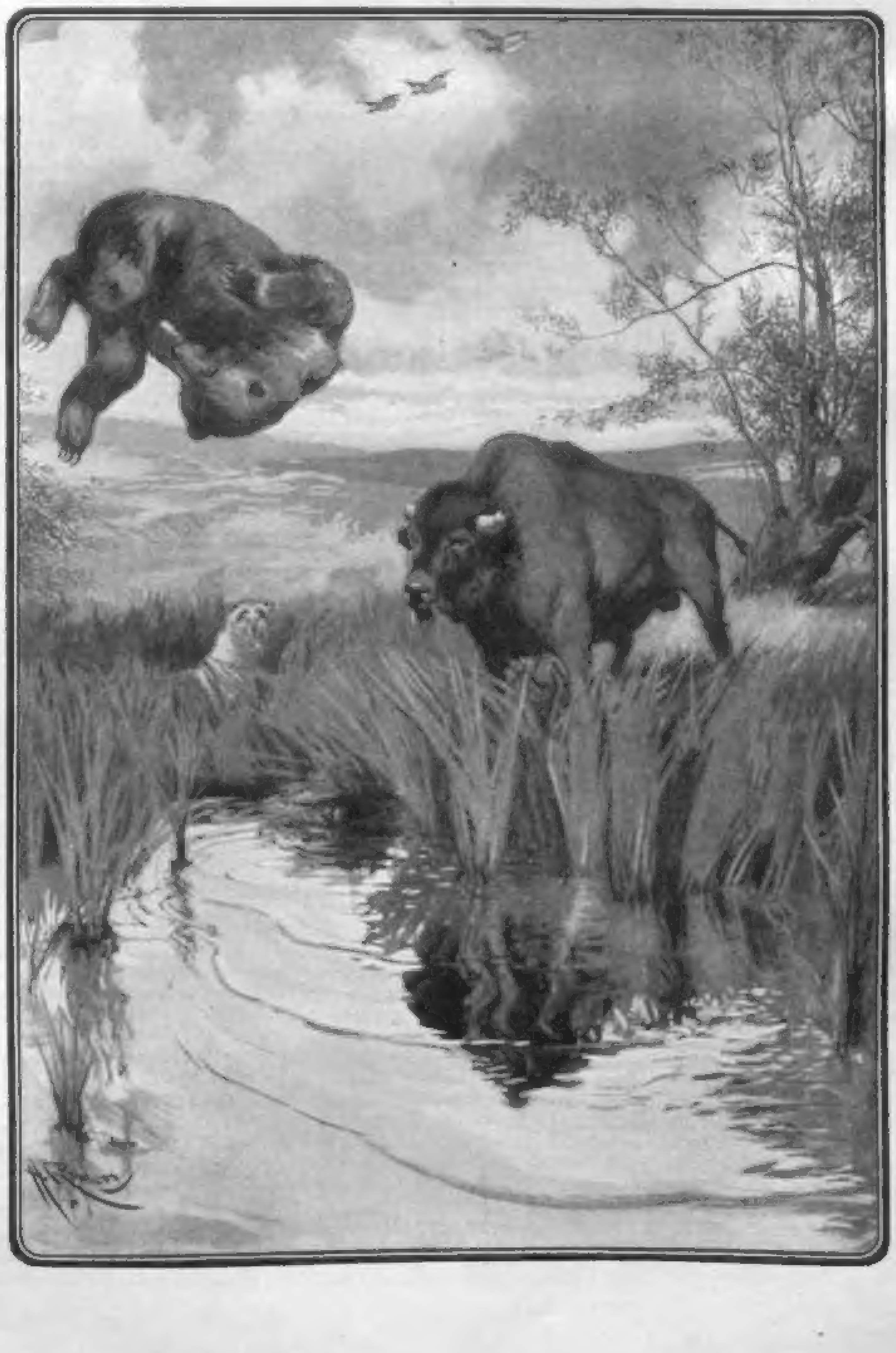
As they trailed Northward the grass grew richer and softer and more luscious; Shag commenced to put on fat. But daily the Dog-Wolf grew hungrier and thinner. In the vast solitude, walled on every side by the never-ending sky from which the stars peeped at night and the sun smiled by day, there was little for the Dog-Wolf, who was a flesh-eater. Scarce anything but Gophers; not an Antelope, nor a Mule Deer, nor a Black Tail had they seen for days. Once a Kit Fox, the small, gray kind of the prairie, waited tantalizingly with his nozzle flat on the turf, seemingly asleep, until A'tim was within two jumps, then he slipped nonchalantly into his burrow as though he had just been called to dinner. A froth of disappointed rage wreathed the hungry lips of the Dog-Wolf. Surely he was in danger of starvation.

For two days he lived on a single Mole, unearthed quite by chance; then a Gopher, stalked from behind the big legs of Shag, saved him from utter collapse. Of a verity he was living from hand to mouth; such abject poverty he had never known, not even in the Southland by the Blood Reserve.

"Carry me, Brother," he said to the Bull, "for I am weak like a new Pup. If I could but see a Trapper's shack or a

Drawn by [illegible]

— thrown with great speed far out into the thin waters of the lake



camp," he confided to Shag, as he clung to the Bull's hump, "I might find something to eat—Ghur-r-r! a piece of the Pork Eating, or a half-picked bone, or a Duck killed by the Fire-stick! Even one of my own kind, a Dog, would I eat, I'm that famished—Great Bull, is that not a shack?" he exclaimed suddenly as a square building loomed on the horizon.

"I think I see it," said the Bull; "but my eyes are no longer good at a great distance."

As they journeyed toward the object Shag suddenly stopped and gave a loud bubbling guffaw.

"What are you laughing at, Bull?" demanded A'tim angrily.

"I, who am an Outcast because of my great age, Dog-Wolf, am even now a great Fool; and so art thou, A'tim, an Outcast and a Fool."

"Your wit is like yourself, Shag, heavy and not too pleasing. Pray, why am I a Fool?"

"That is no shack," answered the Bull; "it is but a rock; there's a line of them, like a trail of teepees, for miles, stretching for the length of many a day's march, running as straight as the cough of a Fire-stick, all looking like that one. Wie-sah-ke-chack, who is God of the Animals, put them there for the Buffalo to brush their hides against—a most wise act."

With a weary sigh A'tim turned his eyes from the deceitful rock, and watched furtively for the chance of even a small Kill as they journeyed.

Day by day Shag was eating of the richer grass and becoming of a great corpulency. Envious thoughts commenced to creep into the mind of A'tim. Why should he starve and become a skeleton, while this hulking Bull, to whom he was acting as a friend and guide, waxed fat in the land that was of his finding? Many times Shag carried the Dog-Wolf on his back, and at night the heat of his great body kept A'tim warm.

But the vicious envy that was in the Wolf mind of A'tim started a line of proper villainy. Let the Bull grow fat. If the worst came to the worst—if no other meat was to be had—when the Frogs, and Moles, and such Waterfowl as might be surprised had failed, and his very life depended on food, would not there be much eating off the body of this Bull Buffalo? Therefore let him wax fat. At first A'tim only thought of it just a little—a flash-light of evil, like the sting of a serpent; but daily it grew stronger. What was Shag to him? He was not of his kind. If, when they came to the Northland, to the forests of the Athabasca, the Wapoos were in the year of plague, and all other animals had fled the Boundaries because of this, and there was no food to be had, why should he not feast for days and days off the Buffalo?—that is, if anything happened to Shag. Something might happen to him very easily. A'tim knew of many muskegs where a stupid, heavy-footed Bull might be mired; also, there was the poison plant, the Death Flower of the Monkshood. He could persuade the stupid Shag to eat of it, and in an hour the Bull would die—puffed up like a Cow's udder; it would not hurt the flesh. Eu-h-h! there were many ways. Shag's company was good—he was weary of being alone; it was dreadful to be an Outcast; but rather than starve to death—well, he would eat his friend.

What matter to him the ever-increasing beauty of the landscape, the richer growth that appealed strongly to his companion from the bare Southern plain? The wild rose bushes, red-berried in the autumn of their fruitage, caressed their ankles as they passed; pink and white berries clung to silver-leafed Buffalo willow like rose-tinted snowflakes; hazel and wild cherry and gentle maple swayed in the prairie wind, and sent fluttering leaf-kisses to the parent earth. Great patches of feed-land waved silver gray with a tasseled spread of seeding grasses. Oh! but they were coming into a land of much growth. Shag the Bull lowed in soft content as he rested full-bellied on the black-loamed prairie. All the time A'tim was but thinking of something to kill, something to eat.

That was as they came to Egg Lake.

"Trail slowly, kind Brother," admonished the Dog-Wolf. "It is now the season of many Ducks here, even at Egg Lake; perchance in the reed grass yonder, by the willows, I may stalk a Wavey, or even a Goose." Ghur-r-r! but he was hungry!

A'tim stole on in front; flat to the grass his belly, and low his head. As silently as floating foam on still water he passed into the thicket of reed grass, his fierce eye fixed on four Mallard that gabbled, and dove their supple heads to the mud bottom for wild rice. Only a little farther and A'tim would be upon them. Shag was watching solicitously the stalk of his friend.

Suddenly, and without provocation, the lake seemed to stand up on end and commence throwing things about. The Bull was startled—what did it all mean? Gradually something huge and black began to take shape and form from amidst the whirl of many moving things.

"A Bear!" gasped Shag. "By the strength of my neck he means to devour A'tim!"

With a rushing charge Shag was upon the fighters—only just in time, for Muskwa had A'tim in his long-clawed grasp, and in another instant would have crushed his Dog ribs. And in the succession of surprises one came to Muskwa with vivid suddenness, for he was lifted on a pair of strong horns, like a Cub, and thrown with great speed far out into the thin waters of the lake.

"Thanks, Great Bull," panted the frightened Dog-Wolf, creeping painfully from the thick sedge grass. "He also was after the Ducks, I think; I walked right on top of him, I was that busy with my hunt."

"If I had not been in such a blundering hurry," lamented Shag, "I might have saved him for your eating; but he's gone now."

And so they journeyed till they came to Battle River. There A'tim caught three Frogs among the blossom-topped leeks; they were no more than three small oysters to a hungry man.

"The water is deep and the banks steep," grunted Shag, looking dubiously at the stream.

"Lower down is a ford," answered A'tim; "we will cross there." For when Shag swam in deep water the Dog-Wolf found it difficult to keep on his back.

"A teepee!" exclaimed A'tim, as they came close to the crossing.

"Let us go back and swim the river," pleaded Shag; "there will be hunters within the lodge."

"No, wait you here," commanded A'tim; "there will surely be food in the teepee, and I mean to have it."

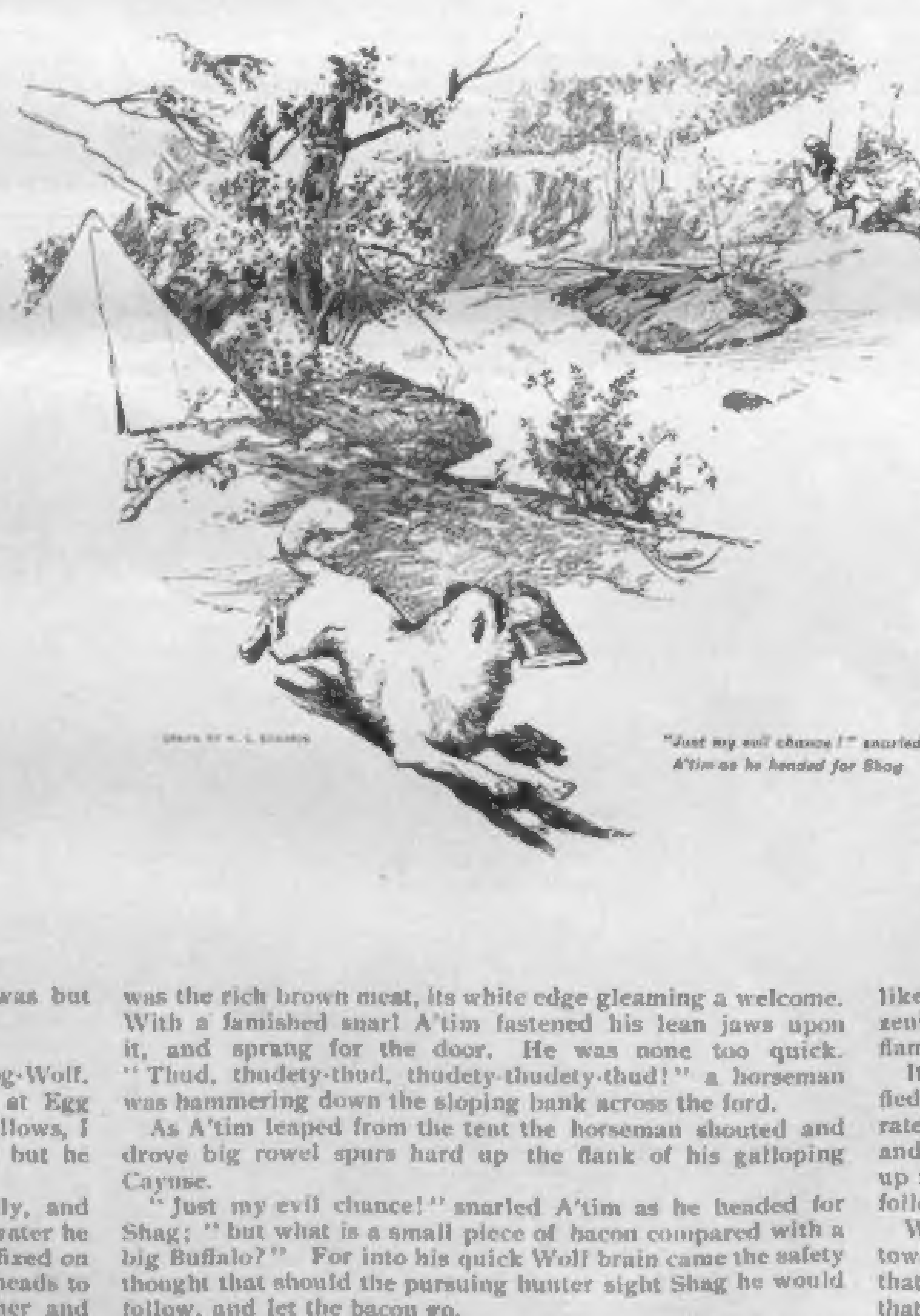
"Be careful," warned Shag; "this is a land of scarcity, and the hunters may bring us evil."

But already A'tim was skulking toward a small canvas tent, gleaming white beside the blue waters of Battle River. The Bull lay down to conceal his great bulk, and watched apprehensively the foray of his pillaging comrade. A'tim circled until he was down wind from the teepee.

"The Man is not in his burrow," he muttered, sniffing the air that floated from the tent to his sensitive nostrils; "but I smell the brown pork meat they eat."

Cautiously, stealthily, burying his brown-gray body in the river grass, he stole to the very tent pegs of the canvas shelter; there he listened, as still and silent as the river stones. There was no sound within; no living thing even drew breath beyond the cotton wall—he could have heard that.

In through the flap he stole. Yes, his scouting had been perfect. A pair of blankets, an iron fry-pan, and—ah! there was the rich brown meat, its white edge gleaming a welcome. With a famished snarl A'tim fastened his lean jaws upon it, and sprang for the door. He was none too quick. "Thud, thudety-thud, thudety-thudety-thud!" a horseman was hammering down the sloping bank across the ford.



DRAWN BY [illegible]

"Just my evil chance!" snarled A'tim as he headed for Shag

As A'tim leaped from the tent the horseman shouted and drove big rowel spurs hard up the flank of his galloping Cayuse.

"Just my evil chance!" snarled A'tim as he headed for Shag; "but what is a small piece of bacon compared with a big Buffalo?" For into his quick Wolf brain came the safety thought that should the pursuing hunter sight Shag he would follow, and let the bacon go.

As the Man galloped he unslung a gun, and fired at the fleeing Dog-Wolf. A little sputter of dust drove into the nostrils of A'tim as a trade ball spat in his face and buried itself in front of him. There was no second shot; only the "thudety-thud" of the Pony's hoofs. The pursuer was armed with a muzzle-loading trade musket.

The shot startled Shag. Now he could see them rushing his way; soon they would be upon him. With a bellow of frightened rage at the stupidity of A'tim, he stuck his scraggy tail straight out, and broke into a solemn gallop.

In an instant the hunter swerved from his course and raced for the Bull, loading his gun as the Cayuse swung along under a free rein. Shag chuckled softly as he spread his great quarters, and hung his nose closer to earth.

"It's a down trail for miles," he muttered, "and I, who in my prime have outrun the fastest Buffalo Horses of the Bloods and Blackfeet, can surely show that lean-flanked Pack Animal a long trail. Mou-o-o-h! but already I feel in my veins the strength of this rich feeding." And the huge form slipped down the gentle grade of sloping plain like an express train. Once the hunter threw the butt of his musket to shoulder and fired; but half the powder charge had spilled in the restless loading, and the trade ball wandered aimlessly yards wide of the fleeing Bull. Shag grunted and kinked his tail derisively as the spirit of the old times threw its glamor over him. It was years since he had been thought worthy of the chase; surely he was becoming of some account in the Buffalo world again.

A'tim, sitting on his haunches, watched the departing cavalcade, and industriously absorbed much of the fat pork. "I can carry it better in my stomach," he reasoned philosophically. "But who would have thought old Shag had it in him?" he muttered in admiration.

As he gazed, the extent of territory between Shag and his pursuer widened perceptibly. The overworked Pony was tired; no doubt his rider had trailed for many a league with him, and he was in no condition for the fierce gallop of a Buffalo Run.

A'tim finished the bacon with undoubted relish, then struck out across the boundless field of grass. "I must not lose sight of Shag," he thought; "there will not always be bacon for the stealing when I am on the edge of starvation."

At last the Pony was pulled to a walk, turned about, and headed for the teepee that nestled on the river bank. The rider was indulging in much injudicious vituperation of all the animal kingdom, including his own well-blown Cayuse, whose trembling flanks vouched for the energy with which he had tried to overhaul the galloping Bull.

A'tim circled wide, and, when he considered it safe, fell into Shag's trail and followed on. Soon he overtook his comrade. "Well done, my big Bull!" he exclaimed; "that was a rare turn you did me."

"It was," answered Shag shortly; "hardly of my own choosing, though; you thrust it upon me. I suppose you were bringing me the bacon, kind Brother?"

"I knew you could do it," flattered A'tim. "You have the full speed of a Spike Horn, and the great wisdom of your own age."

Shag said nothing; he was angry at the selfish heartlessness of the other Outcast. It seemed hardly a fair recognition of the service he had rendered the Dog-Wolf when he prodded the Bear from his throat.

"Come, let us be moving," he commanded; "we must find another crossing."

"Oh! but I feel years younger," cried A'tim joyfully, as they headed again for Battle River. "Euh-euh-euh-euh! Yap-yap-yap!" he laughed; "this eating has put the joyousness of a Pup into my heart."

That night they crossed the river at another ford, and slept in a bluff of slim-bodied white poplars, for they were on the edge of the North timber lands.

"This is good cover," muttered A'tim, as he raked the yellow heart-shaped leaves of the poplar together for a bed.

"It's new to me," muttered Shag; "and it will also give cover to one's enemies; one must be very cautious in the Northland, I think."

Then the two Outcasts slept together on the border of the North fairyland to which the Dog-Wolf was leading Shag the Bull.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Two Prairie Terrors

ONE of the most terrible of the dangers encountered by the homesteaders on the prairie has been the prairie fire. Its beginning was a trifle—a careless brand from a hunter's camp-fire, perhaps—but the outcome is dreadful and momentous indeed.

At first there is only a low bank of dark cloud on the horizon. An hour later, or less, the cloud, like a black band across the sky, has risen half way to the zenith, and along the lower edge of it runs a fringe of visible flame.

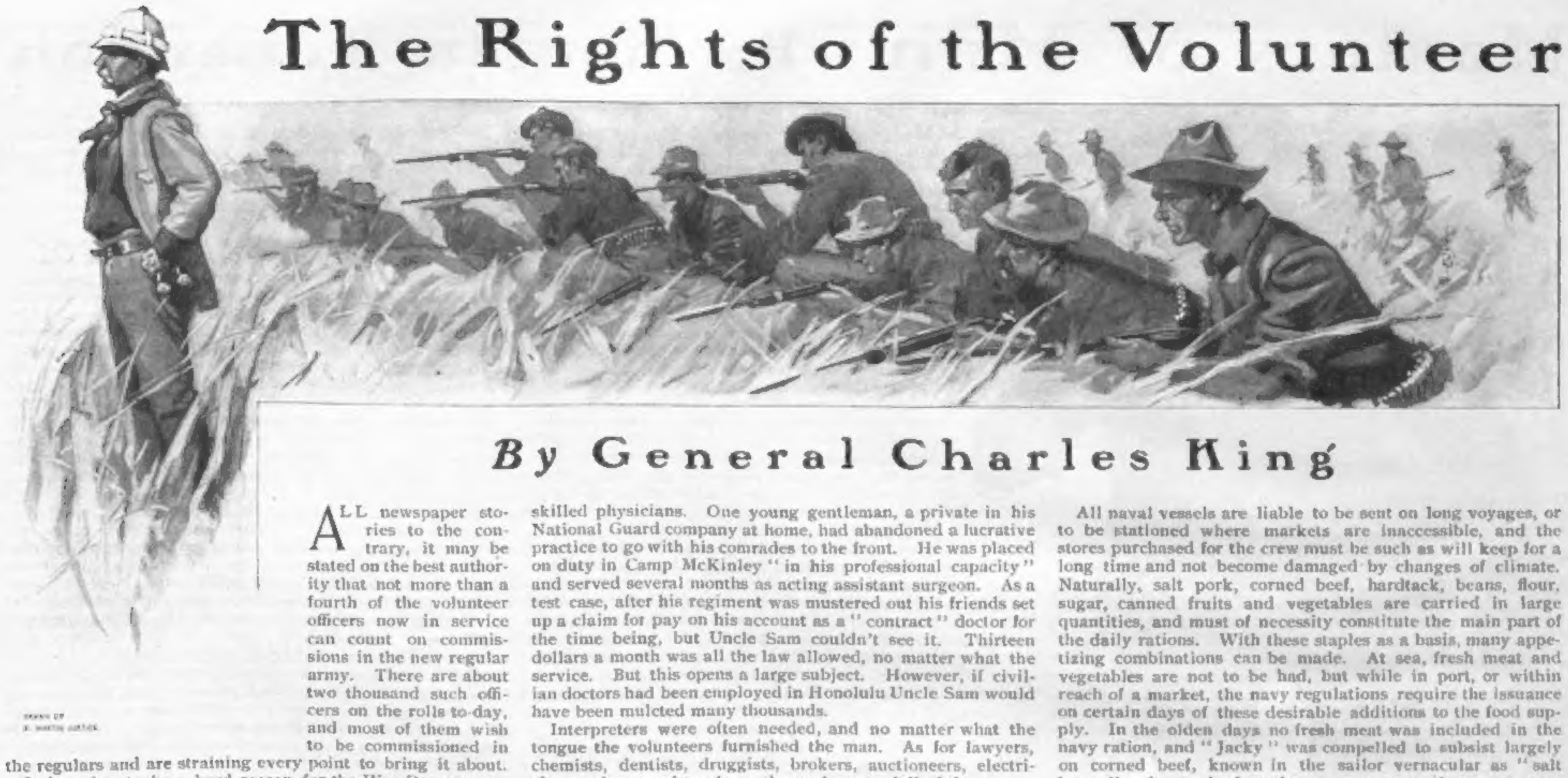
It is quick work, then. Nobody who has not seen a full-fledged prairie fire can realize its immensity, its tremendous rate of progress, which is swifter than that of the fastest horse, and its power of destruction. The mass of heated air thrown up from it causes a great suction, producing a wind which follows the fire and pushes the column of smoke to the front.

When there is time enough, a fire is started in the grass toward the approaching fire, so as to make a burned space that will check the coming flames. If there be not time for that, a fire is started in the same direction, so as to leave in its wake a space in which shelter may be found.

Great snowstorms, accompanied by cold waves, in the East, are commonly called blizzards, but they are not at all like the Western blizzard. In a real blizzard the air is filled with a peculiar vapor of snow, which drifts before the wind at the rate of forty to sixty miles an hour. The vapor is so dense that in it the traveler can hardly see his hand before his face.

A person caught abroad in a blizzard is in a dreadful plight, indeed. The snow drifts through his clothing and beats directly against his skin. No clothing, however thick, will keep it out. Thus he is subjected to dreadful distress; but what causes most of the deaths that occur in blizzards is that the snow-vapor is carried into the lungs in breathing and paralyzes those organs. Often it has happened that a man has ventured out of his house a few yards to the barn, and in returning has fallen dead before reaching his threshold.

The Rights of the Volunteer



By General Charles King

ALL newspaper stories to the contrary, it may be stated on the best authority that not more than a fourth of the volunteer officers now in service can count on commissions in the new regular army. There are about two thousand such officers on the rolls to-day, and most of them wish to be commissioned in the regulars and are straining every point to bring it about.

It is going to be a hard season for the War Department. There are now less than six hundred original vacancies, with about ten thousand eager aspirants, young and middle-aged, field officers, company officers, a host of the rank and file (both regulars and volunteers), and finally a multitude of young fellows from civil life who never yet "got into the game," but all of whom wish to be officers in the new army.

The preference, and rightly so, goes to those who have seen service, but very few people realize the wonderful make-up of the regiments suddenly raised to fill the quota from the various States, especially those of the great Northwest.

At the call in April, 1898, the Eastern levies were taken mainly from the already organized National Guard, but in the far West, where only one regiment as a rule was accepted from each State, there was a rush to get into the service the like of which was never seen before. The best names, the best families and even fortunes were represented in the ranks, with the result that the very cream of the young manhood of the Northwest was skimmed from the surface of the great popular uprising that followed the President's call.

Wealthy Soldiers at Tent Work

I mind me of a day in camp at San Francisco before we got away to Manila. The stiff gale blowing in from the Pacific snapped the ridge pole of the "fly" in front of brigade headquarters, and an enterprising quartermaster — a West Pointer and cavalryman — called for a detail to repair damages. A corporal and six soldiers of a brand-new volunteer regiment from the Pacific Coast came on the run. In ten minutes the pole was spliced and the fly replaced and the squad was marching back to camp. Then entered the quartermaster, lifting his cap and wiping his brow.

"Warm work?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, but just look at that squad. That man in the lead on the right put me up at his club last time I was at Portland. The fellow on his left dropped a position at six thousand a year to soldier for thirteen a month, and the corporal can sign his check for more cash than all the colonels and generals in camp."

For that were we regulars.

Of course Colonel Roosevelt's story beats this: his going yachting with a New York nabob and next finding him peeling potatoes for his squad of Rough Riders at San Antonio. It was all in the game. But it is wonderful to look back on the composition of the old Eighth Corps and to think of the men who sweltered under the Luzon suns in blue flannel and khaki, their faces blistered, their shoulders black and blue from the vicious kick of the Springfield under the influence of the smokeless cartridge. There was more education under most of those old slouch hats than under the laced chapeaux of many a European war. Students by the score and college graduates by hundreds marched in the rank and file. "D," of the First Idaho, was their university company — students almost to a man. The First Washington, First Colorado, First California and Second Oregon numbered college boys by the squad, and above the crash of battle one could sometimes hear the rival yells of Western universities.

At Honolulu we were held ten weeks in mid-ocean, without telegraphic communication, and the commanding general without independent powers. It took three weeks to obtain authority from the department commander at San Francisco to order anything from court plaster to a court martial, and meanwhile there might be the deuce to pay.

Typhoid and malarial fevers played havoc with the command. Many medical officers were down. There was nothing for it but to hire doctors in town or look among ourselves. Then it developed that in the ranks of the volunteers were skilled physicians. One young gentleman, a private in his National Guard company at home, had abandoned a lucrative practice to go with his comrades to the front. He was placed on duty in Camp McKinley "in his professional capacity" and served several months as acting assistant surgeon. As a test case, after his regiment was mustered out his friends set up a claim for pay on his account as a "contract" doctor for the time being, but Uncle Sam couldn't see it. Thirteen dollars a month was all the law allowed, no matter what the service. But this opens a large subject. However, if civilian doctors had been employed in Honolulu Uncle Sam would have been mulcted many thousands.

Interpreters were often needed, and no matter what the tongue the volunteers furnished the man. As for lawyers, chemists, dentists, druggists, brokers, auctioneers, electricians, miners and teachers, the ranks were full of them.

Astronomers and Filipino Night Signals

One exquisite night in February, when we were holding the line of the Pasig with a slender force against we knew not how many, while MacArthur was lunging away northward along the railway, I was out at the front near Guadaloupe Church. Some stir had been reported by the pickets. Some movement seemed imminent among the insurgents, yet the night was without a sound. The stars were brilliant in the tropic sky, and as I dismounted at the outpost at Cemetery Height the men were in animated but low-toned discussion. Off to the east, as I remember, Orion, with his studded belt, was well up above the dim horizon, and, like that of Bethlehem, a clear white star was shining above the distant church tower of the town of Pasig. Three or four lads in flannel shirts were eagerly peering over their improvised parapet. Fancy how odd it sounded to the old regular to hear his pickets glibly telling the stars named long centuries ago by Chaldee shepherds watching their flocks upon the plains.

"It can't be a planet! Yonder's Saturn! Yonder's Jupiter," said one voice excitedly.

"It's a star of the first magnitude, at least," said another, "and not one lives in that part of the sky." Then there was excited pointing to and mention of Bellatrix and Beteiguese and Saiph and Aldebaran, and then came the flat-footed announcement from one of their number: "It's no star at all, I tell you! If anything, it's a Filipino signal."

And so it proved.

That was the first night we saw it, but, until Wheaton launched out and cleaned the Tagals off the Delta Islands for good and all, night after night at different hours that star would suddenly shine full and tell the watchers on the city walls behind us some story we interlopers could not read. And the university boys, crouching at the forefront, spotted it on sight. Yet it looked enough like Venus at her full to be her twin sister visiting in another quarter of the heavens.

"Wasn't there some feeling between the volunteers and the regulars in the old Eighth Corps?" is a question I have often been asked since coming home. Yes, there was — a feeling that seemed to grow heartier, kindlier, warmer with every night and day we campaigned together — a feeling of mutual reliance, respect and esteem, for each had learned to know and grown to like the other. It was as pull-together, fight-for-each-other a corps as ever lived, and now, seasoned, schooled, experienced, those volunteers — many of them — are clamoring for commissions in the new regular service. It's their last chance, their only chance to enter. Well have they won their spurs. Would it not be well to let them wear them henceforth among the professionals, and as many as we can possibly take? Let us remember, too, there has been little time for textbooks these last two years in the Philippines — nothing, in fact, but the broad school of experience, whose diploma should weigh equally with that of the proposed half brother to the civil service examination.

* * *

What "Jacky" Eats

C. A. McAllister, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service

THE United States Government gives its sailors only thirty cents a day each to live on, but the American Navy is better fed than any other navy in the world. In fact, "Jacky" lives better than the average mechanic on shore.

As the appetite of a seafaring man cannot be appeased by angel food, the provisions are of the most substantial kind.

All naval vessels are liable to be sent on long voyages, or to be stationed where markets are inaccessible, and the stores purchased for the crew must be such as will keep for a long time and not become damaged by changes of climate. Naturally, salt pork, corned beef, hardtack, beans, flour, sugar, canned fruits and vegetables are carried in large quantities, and must of necessity constitute the main part of the daily rations. With these staples as a basis, many appetizing combinations can be made. At sea, fresh meat and vegetables are not to be had, but while in port, or within reach of a market, the navy regulations require the issuance on certain days of these desirable additions to the food supply. In the olden days no fresh meat was included in the navy ration, and "Jacky" was compelled to subsist largely on corned beef, known in the sailor vernacular as "salt horse," owing to the fact that some unscrupulous contractor at one time long ago passed off horse flesh for beef in a navy supply. The barrel in which the salt meat is kept is to this day known as the "harness cask."

The Work of the Jack-of-the-Dust

The enlisted men are divided into messes consisting of from eighteen to twenty-four men each. Every month the mess elects one of its number to the position of caterer, and he looks after all matters culinary during his term. To him the daily allowances of staple foods are issued each morning by one of the paymaster's men, known as the "Jack-of-the-dust," presumably from his handling flour. The ship's cooks then prepare the supplies for the table. Each mess is usually allowed from four to six commuted rations; that is, the caterer is given the value of such rations in cash, and is thus provided with a fund of from thirty-six to fifty-four dollars per month, with which to buy fruits, vegetables, fish, butter, and other items which are not included in the list of articles furnished by the Government. To furnish the table still further, it is customary for each man to "chip in" a dollar or two each month out of his own pocket.

The old-time shellbacks looked with glee upon a plum-duff dinner, but such dainties as that seem commonplace to the new-style navy men, who on holidays, and frequently on Sundays, have delicacies like roast turkey with cranberry sauce, celery, oranges, bananas, and even ice cream.

If "Jacky" has one failing in the commissariat line, it is his craving for pies of any constituency or nationality. He will eat them on any occasion and in any place. The ship's cook, if he be ambitious, takes advantage of this, and makes up a tempting array of pies from materials which he purchases from the paymaster, and retails them to the sailors.

What it Costs to Run the Officers' Mess

The Government does not discriminate in the allowance for food supplies in the navy as between officer and enlisted man — that is, it did not up to a year or two ago, when every man in the ship, from the Admiral down to a coal-heaver, received thirty cents each day. Now the discrimination is that the coal-heaver continues to draw his thirty cents, while the Admiral and all other officers, except the gunner, carpenter, pharmacist, chief machinists and the naval cadets, receive absolutely nothing for their subsistence on board ship. Many who visit naval vessels, and are entertained at dinner or luncheon, are heard to remark that the Government provides very good living for its officers, not thinking that the entire cost of the repast has come out of the officers' own pockets.

The cost of an officer's living on one of our vessels varies considerably. In a port where much entertaining has to be done, and where there are high-priced markets, the mess-bill, as it is called, sometimes runs as high as thirty-five or forty dollars a month for each officer, and is rarely less than twenty-five dollars a month. This represents merely the actual cost of the food and the incidental expenses of the mess, as the Government furnishes all servants, crockery, fuel and table linen.

In connection with this subject, it may be interesting to note that the Captain of a war vessel does not eat with the other officers, but has a separate establishment for himself, and is provided with a cook and a steward whose only duties are to wait on him. On flagships the Admiral also eats alone. The wardroom mess usually includes all officers above the grade of ensign, and on most vessels consists of from ten to twenty members. Junior officers and naval cadets constitute another mess, known as the steerage mess.

Masters of Men By Morgan Robertson

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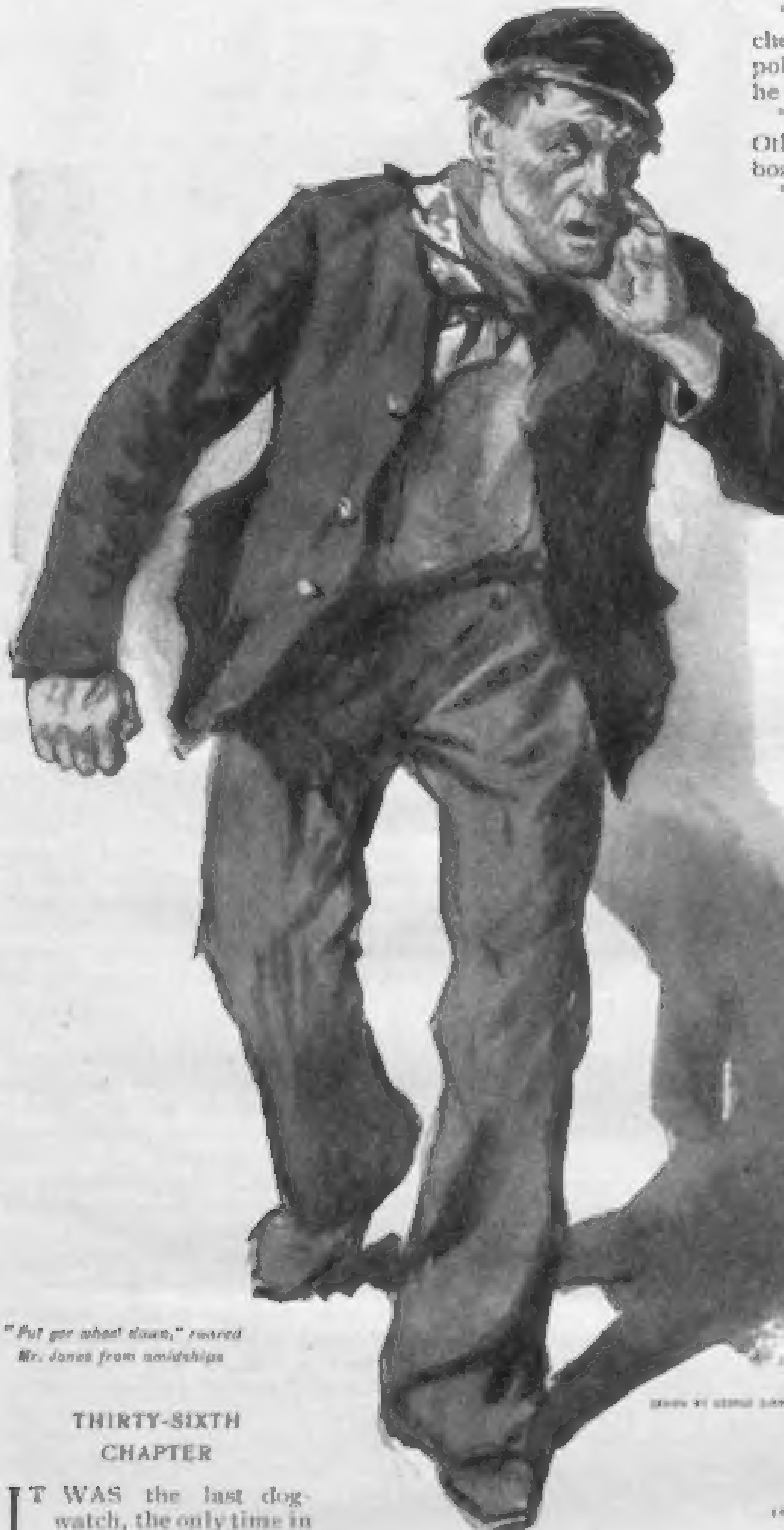


"Put yer wheel down," roared Mr. Jones from amidships

THIRTY-SIXTH CHAPTER

IT WAS the last dog-watch, the only time in the twenty-four hours when both watches were at leisure, and Dick and Ensign Breen dared to converse openly.

They were walking up and down near the fore hatch. In the alley between the forward house and the weather-rail the watch on deck was gathered in groups, while the watch below passed in and out of their own forecastle, their voices rising in disconnected murmurs over the rush of the wind through the rigging and the swash of the sea. The cold night of the Southern winter had fallen, and in the northwest a half moon shone brightly between the obscurations of racing clouds, illumining every detail of the deck and top-hamper, but, when hidden, throwing the whole fabric into shadow blacker from the contrast. Out of the darkness at such a moment came the tall figure of the carpenter, who peered into their faces.

"Hist, lad," he said cautiously to Dick. "Come awa'. Come wi' me a bit."

He led him over to the rail, and lowering his mouth to his ear whispered: "To-night's the night."

"To-night," repeated Dick. "The night for what?"

"To-night's the night," said Chips impressively. "It's been a-tellin' me all the day. To-night, at eight bells i' the last dog-watch, he'll have his knife sharp enough to suit him."

"What—who's been telling you? What do you mean, Chips?"

"The voice—the wee bit voice in my ear, lad. D'ye no hear it yersel'? Hear it noo? 'Eight bells i' the last dog-watch.' He's at it noo. Hear him—a-grindin' and a-scrapin' wi' his butcher's steel. And he's gettin' nought but a wire eedge—nought but a wire eedge. And he don't know, the loon; he don't know."

The carpenter chuckled; and Dick listened, but heard no sound of knife sharpening.

"He don't know," continued Chips. "But you do, lad. Saw ye ever the like of such an eedge as I ha' put on the broadax? And he's nought but a wire eedge on his bit o' pot metal." And again the carpenter chuckled joyously. Then he bolted aft in the darkness, and Dick returned thoughtfully to Breen at the hatch.

"He hears voices," he said; "and he hears the cook sharpening his knife; but I couldn't. He's half crazy. I haven't heard that knife sharpening since he scalded me."

"Nor I. No doubt you discouraged him. He would cheerfully knife you if he dared, but as I said, he is a poltroon from his wool down. And Chips is safe enough if he only knew it."

"Chips must have been a little touched before it began. Otherwise, why don't I hear voices? We're in the same boat."

"Difference of age, temperament and brand of lunacy. You were a little touched, too, and I'm catching it. What cures one man kills another. There goes eight bells."

The tinkle of the bell sounded at the wheel, and Breen stepped toward the large bell at the foremast to repeat the strokes. Before he could do so, a hoarse, blood-freezing shriek rang out from the lee galley door, and, amid startled exclamations of jostled men, the carpenter's voice followed with, "Help! Help! Murder!" Then he sprang around the corner of the house and mounted the fore hatch.

"Shut up that noise forrard, there," shouted Mr. Jones from the poop. "Strike eight bells. What's the matter?"

Breen struck the bell, and the watch below, already out of the forecastle, followed the carpenter, while the others from the weather alley trooped forward. The moon, suddenly appearing from behind a cloud, illumined their wondering faces and the distorted features of the carpenter on the hatch. He stood with arms raised over his head, eyes blazing, lips drawn tightly over his teeth, while incoherent growls came from his throat.

"Hold him!" he screamed at last. "Hold the black cutthroat. Take awa' the knife—the knife—the knife. It has a wire eedge."

"It's all right, Chips," called Dick, advancing toward him. "The cook isn't there."

The carpenter turned, glared at him, and shrank away.

"Back, ye murderin' devil," he roared. "Back wi' ye. Ha' ye no done enough?"

He bounded down to leeward, turned sharply, and rushed through the group of men, scattering them right and left. Aft he went, yelling ceaselessly, meeting Mr. Jones at the mainmast and upsetting him. He mounted the poop steps in two bounds, sped along the alley, and the crew, crowding aft, saw him poised for an instant on the taffrail. Then, with a long, mournful wail echoing from his lips, he disappeared from sight just as the moon hid behind a cloud.

"Man overboard!" sang out the helmsman.

"Put yer wheel down," roared Mr. Jones from amidships. "All hands forrard there. Stand by braces fore and aft. Clear away that lee-quarter boat. Hard down yer wheel."

"Hard down, sir," answered the man at the wheel. "Hard down it is."

Men scattered to stations for tacking ship, and Mr. Jones hurried aft, while the ship came slowly up to the wind. Dick was one of the jib-sheet men, and he mounted the forecastle deck, where, as going about on the other tack was obviously unnecessary, he expected to do nothing; but a thundering voice—louder than Pig's—from the poop changed the prospect. The Captain was on deck.

"Hard up that wheel—quick!" roared the voice. "Clap on to them weather jib sheets forrard there. Trim over to windward. Forrard all hands o' ye. Stand by weather fore braces. Oh!"—and the roaring voice took on a note of distress—"Oh—oh, you —— two-ends-an'-the-bight-of-a-poor-fool, just look at my ship now! Look at her! Let go to looward! Haul 'round them fore yards! 'Round wi' 'em! Box this ship back 'fore the spars go. Get forrard out o' this, you infernal lunkhead! Get out o' my sight!"

Mr. Jones, saying nothing in reply, headed the rush of men to the fore braces; but it was too late. They had not bent the heavy weather canvas needed in those latitudes, and the old, patched-up rags aloft could not stand the shaking they were receiving. Royals went first, then topgallantsails and topsails, and before the ship, under the influence of the backed fore yards and the still intact lower foretopsail, had begun to swing back, nearly every sail aloft, as well as the two outer jibs, was in ribbons. Then came the order: "Swing the fore yards and trim over head sheets." Dick, at the fore braces, heard Sawyer, aft near the quarter boat, ask: "Then ye won't get a boat over, sir?"

"Boat over?" yelled the Captain. "Boat over—for a man crazy enough to jump? Not for the best man aboard. Let them gripes alone an' 'tend to yer work forrard."

"Aye, aye, sir." And Sawyer joined the others.

All hands remained on deck all that night, sending aloft and bending canvas. It was work that needed light, and lanterns were lit. One of these, shining in through the galley door for a moment, disclosed to the man carrying it the body of the cook stretched out face down on the floor with the carpenter's broadax near his head. He had been struck from behind.

The carving knife was in its place in the rack on the bulkhead, in company with the steel, fork and long spoons used in cooking. It was no sharper than it ought to have been.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER

IT WAS Dick's wheel from six to eight next morning, and when four bells had struck he went to take it, noticing in the gathering light the body of the cook on the mizzen hatch, and Mr. Jones busy with the last stitches in its canvas shroud. As he steered his trick he marveled at the unofficerlike character of the work, then remembered that through the night he had not once heard the voice of the second mate; but it was not until seven bells had struck that his guess was confirmed. The Captain came up the after companion with a Bible in his hand, and stepped forward to the break of the poop, while the crew, at Sawyer's call, mustered aft to the mizzen hatch. Dick, standing aft at the wheel, could see nothing but the tall figure of the Captain, and could hear nothing but his voice. He laid the Book on the monkey-rail and began.

"Men," he said solemnly, "we're mustered here to give the cook a send-off 'cordin' to rule—not as how I can see as it's goin' to do him any good—it seems to me that if prayin' could do him any good it oughter have come 'long 'fore he died. Same with the carpenter, who's some miles astern now. Just the same, I'll read the sarvice for both of 'em. First thing, though, before we bury the cook we'll fill his place." Dick pricked up his ears.

"Now, you, there," continued the Captain; "you big-headed, bull-headed, fool-headed lobster that thinks he's a second mate, you get into that room o' yours, and you get your duds out of it and into the cook's room while I'm lookin' at you. You hear? Not a word! You're cook o' this ship from now on, or you go in irons in the 'tween deck."

The Captain drew a revolver from his pocket and placed it upon the rail. Dick heard muffled words from the main deck, but nothing intelligible. Then he saw the Captain replace the pistol in his pocket. "That's sensible," went on the Captain. "Let's see you keep it up."

Captain Bilker began pacing the poop, and ten minutes went by before he spoke again; then he advanced to the rail, opened the Book, paused while he took off his hat and jammed it into his coat pocket, and read a chapter chosen at random. Finishing, he closed the Book, put on his hat, and waved his hand to those below.

"Over with him," he said, and then stepped to the rail.

One end of the canvas sack circled into view over the edge of the poop as the body shot through the gangway, and Dick heard the splash. The cook's funeral was over.

Whether it was the grisly incongruity of the whole proceeding, or a sort of hysteria coming after his night of fatigue, with an unsuspected sense of relief at the removal of Pig's and the cook's menace as a prompting agency, that brought it on, Dick never could determine. He began to laugh, softly, but unconstrainedly; and when Captain Bilker came aft, Bible in hand, and glared reprovingly at him, he still continued.

"What's the matter wi' you?" he demanded.

"N-n-nothing, sir," answered Dick, flushing.

"Yes, there is somethin', I tell yer. Somethin' up yer sleeve, —— ye," stormed the Captain. "And I'm dead on to you, my fo'castle lawyer. You're slick, but I'm slicker. You grin in my face, will yer? I'll see 'f my first mate ain't right, after all. Mr. Thorpe," he bawled forward. "Call all hands aft again." Then he returned to the break of the poop, and Dick, sober of face now, with no inclination to laughter, bore the malevolent glances of the insulted autocrat as he paced back and forth while waiting for the men.

The starboard watch trooped out of the forecastle from their interrupted breakfast and joined the others on their way aft. The Captain looked down on them.

"I've given you men a good long time to produce the one that broke Mr. Thorpe's arm," he said. "Time's up. Pass him out at once, or back ye go to yer first grub."

Dick heard an indistinct voice answering, and then, from the Captain:

"Ye'll tell me on the poop, hey. What's the matter wi' tellin' where ye are? Hey? All right. Come up here, then."

Smith, the Cockney, arose to Dick's view on the steps, and his voice became intelligible.

"Hi've talked to hall 'ands forrard, sir, hand we're hall hagreed, though that's not syin' we can prove hit, sir. But hall of hus think has 'ow it was the man you took haft has a hofficer. He was quick to deny hit forrard, sir, but he was just has quick to swear hit wasn't Billson, when the mate thought hit was. He knowed who hit was, sir; hit was 'isself, hand hall 'ands thinks so, sir."

"That'll do. Get down off the poop," said the Captain. "Mr. Sawyer," he called, "step up here."

.Smith went down, and Sawyer soon appeared, following Captain Bilker aft through the alley.

"Mr. Sawyer," said the latter, facing him, "the men accuse you of bein' the man who broke into the mate's room first night out. I've made you second mate, and so far I've no fault to find wi' you; but I want this settled. Did you? Or was it this man here? I want the truth now."

Sawyer looked at Dick, and there was the barest suspicion of a wink in his humorous eye; then he looked gravely and respectfully into the Captain's face.

"It was me, Capt'n," he answered.

"You, was it? And why didn't you own up to it?"

"Didn't want to get shot, or thumped. I was 'fore the mast then, Capt'n. You've made me an officer, and I'm much obliged for the favor; but, just the same, that makes a mighty sight o' difference if anything happens to me this v'yage. As man to man I'm not afraid o' Mr. Thorpe now "

"But what were you after? What did you want in his room?"

"Haven't the slightest idea, sir; I was drunk enough for anythin', but not too drunk to fight, and remember what happened. He struck at me and I twisted his arm. Now, Capt'n, you can put me forrard again and take Mr. Jones or any one else aft in my place; but remember, if anything happens to me, I'm an officer."

"Can you square yerself wi' Mr. Thorpe?"

"Don't care a rap, Capt'n, whether I can or not. I'm second mate—he's only first. He ran foul o' me that first night, and things are kinder square as they are"

Captain Bilker walked over to the weather rail and stared to windward, and Sawyer winked solemnly and warningly at the amazed Dick. Then the Captain returned

"If I send you forrard I'll have to take that swine back again, and I don't want him—he's more at home in the galley. But if I keep you aft, how'll you get on wi' the men? How'll you get on wi' the mate?"

"Easy enough, sir. The men'll be much obliged to me for gettin' them full an' plenty, as you promised 'em, sir Keep me aft and they'll do as I tell 'em just as they have been doin'. Put me forrard, and I'll thump the last man of 'em for givin' me away. Keep me aft, and I'll take the mate's orders and know my place; but if he runs foul o' me I'll break his left arm as easy as I did his right

Captain Bilker paced a few turns from rail to rail, then said

"All right Settle it wi' the mate. I'll talk it over with him myself. Send the watch to breakfast."

Sawyer went forward, and the Captain turned fiercely on Dick.

"What the —— you laughin' at just now?" he demanded

"At the way the cook went over, sir," answered Dick, suddenly realizing that no other excuse would serve so well.

Captain Bilker studied him from his head to his feet, and with a half snort, half grunt, went down to his breakfast.

THIRTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER

BEYOND that comprehensive wink to Dick at the wheel, Sawyer offered no explanation of his vicarious atonement, and the two friends reasoned that, secure in his advantage, he had done it not only to relieve Dick, and possibly Breen, from suspicion, but to throw the Captain back upon his promise and secure better food for the men. The latter result was attained, for Captain Bilker ordered the steward to give them "full and plenty"—which meant the addition to the Government allowance of a few of the substitutes and an additional quart of water each day

What difference, if any, Sawyer's confession made in his relations with Mr Thorpe never became known in the forecastle. Work went on without apparent friction between the two, and much more smoothly as regarded the men. It was as if the tragic deaths of the cook and carpenter had exercised a humanizing effect on Mr. Thorpe; for, though his tongue was as bitter as ever, he rarely raised his belaying-pin from his boot As for Pig, the full measure of his disgrace hardly seemed to come home to him. As cook he could secure for himself as good food as was served in the cabin; his berth was as comfortable, and his duties were easier. After a few days of moroseness and surliness, he settled into an apathetic, porcine indifference, from which he aroused himself only to growl curses on Dick's head when he passed the galley door. Dick heard them, and asked Breen's permission to silence them

"No," snapped Breen "you're to keep out of trouble. Great Heavens!" he exclaimed passionately, "what have I done to be compelled to suffer like this?"

"But," answered Dick gently, "why need you? It is much easier for me to bear it than for you. Why not—you and I—sneak aft in my watch some night, floor the mate, gag him, go down and fix the skipper, and get his pistols and gun? Then we'll have charge "

"Yes, we might. I've talked bravely enough about it, and yet—call it cowardice if you like; but I don't say that I wouldn't on impulse—you see—some one would be killed, surely. Some of the men, perhaps, who wouldn't understand. I know that I should be exonerated, and yet I hesitate at bloodshed I had really hoped that in case of a vacancy in the galley—which I confess now I didn't wish for—I should be made cabin flunkey, or something of that sort, while the steward cooked for all hands. Now I am stalled again."

"I've a good mind," said Dick, slowly and thoughtfully, "to take this upon myself. There is a difference of training, perhaps temperament, between us, and I have none of your scruples I can overcome them both in three minutes one after the other. Then I can arm myself in two minutes, at least Five minutes work will do it "

"And hang you

"But why?" asked Dick vehemently. "I am the Government's hired man. I am taken forcibly from my job and I fight as I have been taught, to get back to my work Why should my Government hang me?

"Because district attorneys would conceive it their duty to arrange it," answered Breen wearily. "We need not argue this question. If you fall back upon your relation to your Government, I fall back upon mine. As your officer I forbid you to assault any one aboard this ship until I take the initiative and so direct you. I also order you to report to me twenty-four hours hence any plan you may be able to think of which will give me possession of arms without previous friction. I will think also. My duties now are light and conducive to thought. I am the skipper's laundryman I have washed his socks to-day; to morrow I expect to have his shirts "

Dick pondered through the middle watch on the Ensign's new attitude, but not until he had rolled into his bunk at four in the morning had he brought the problem to a satisfactory solution

"Breen's a gentleman, to begin with," he mused. "As a gentleman, he regards fighting, knock-downs and such things as ungentlemanly unless in behalf of others, or for a principle removed from his own private interests I wish Pig had stayed home, so that I could have settled things before getting these notions. And yet, Breen isn't always this way He feels like murder sometimes."

Then he went to sleep, to waken at seven bells at peace with himself and with Pig—serenely confident in his sleep-born loftiness of purpose. As was customary with him, fresh from the navy, he was first on his feet; and he started toward the galley to get the breakfast with more of good humor in his face than had shown there lately, but in half a minute from the time that he stepped through the forecastle door his new-found philosophy was shocked out of him First he heard his name called, and observed Breen, his hands full of brass-rags, running down the poop steps The watch was scattered about, some swabbing paintwork others, like Breen, scouring brass. Each face was turned forward, each pair of eyes focused on a point abaft the forward house. Dick hastened around the corner just as Breen called again.

"Take a hand in that, Halpin

Forward of the main hatch, flat on his back and black in the face, was Sawyer. His eyes were bulging, his tongue protruding, the lower part of his body wriggling feebly Kneeling on his chest was the cause of it all—Pig Jones His left fingers gripped Sawyer's throat, and his right doubled into a fist the size of a sledge-hammer, was doing the work of a hammer on Sawyer's face

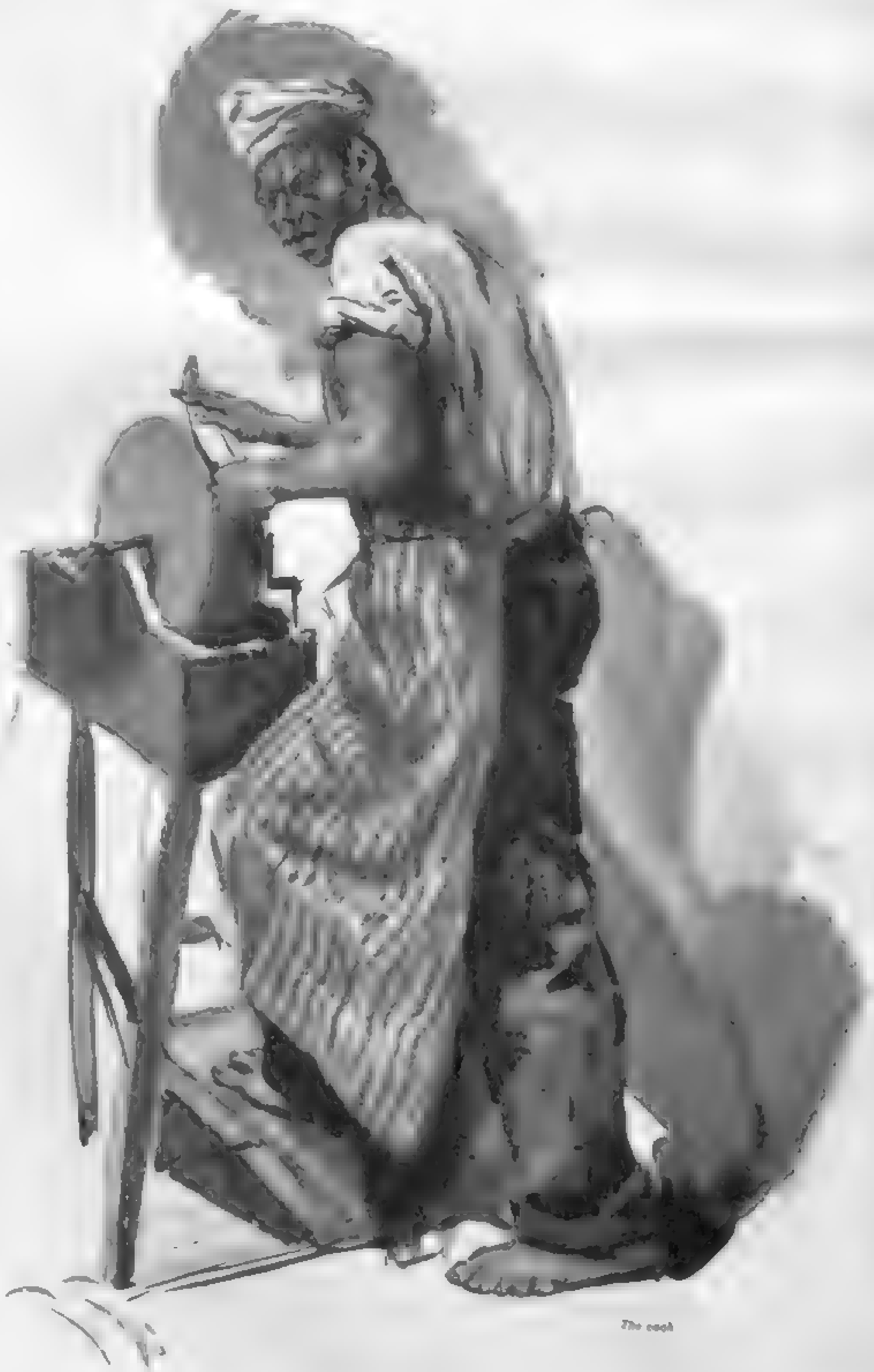
"Think, do ye," said Pig between blows, "yer goin' to run me 'cause ye've got my berth? I'll learn ye

It was no time to consider ethics or philosophy, even though Dick had not received orders from Breen. Sawyer, a good friend, was being murdered by a giant ignorant of his strength, innocent of murderous intent, perhaps—bent only upon "learning" his victim. Dick's boot, impacting on Pig, stopped the tutelage. He was driven off from Sawyer's chest by the force of the kick, and scrambled to his feet two yards away

"Defend yourself, Halpin," called Breen, and Dick watching Pig closely, observed out of the corner of his eye Sawyer rising weakly to his feet, with Breen and others around him

"You—you—you—kick me," spluttered Pig. "You Halpin, hey! I knew ye."

"Right," said Dick calmly; "Redhead Halpin. You got only one back, Pig Jones. There are more coming to you." Then he dodged the bull-like rush of the giant and struck him lightly in the ribs as he passed



The cook

There is no need to describe in technical detail the fight that followed—the fiercest battle with fists that Dick had ever engaged in. It raged and whirled from the main hatch to the break of the poop, forward again, then aft. Pig bellowed and threatened insanely, expending his strength in futile blows and rushes. Dick was merely himself again—not the self which had formulated plans of inward discipline and forgiven Pig, but the self which remembered the persecutions of Pig as man and boy He was a paleolithic reversion plus the education of a modern seaman apprentice He fought with his hands, and he fought to win

He noticed as he struck and feinted, dodged and whirled, that men followed them, but avoided contact, even though some held handspikes poised aloft. Once he heard a clarion voice

"Let them alone, Mr. Thorpe. Stand back there, Mr Sawyer He's doing well Let 'em have it out."

And he fought on, caring little for the sympathy in the voice or for the poised handspikes, until, breathing hard, and dizzy with the shock of interruption, he found himself held tightly by Sawyer and the Captain, and looking down at his quivering, unconscious antagonist

"That'll do, young man," said the Captain. "You've licked him fair. Don't spoil it."

"Come forrard, Billson," said Sawyer "Get yer breakfast." The Captain released his arm, and Sawyer led him away

"Ye came just in time to save my wind, Billson," he said, "and I'll not forget it. I didn't think you could do him and I was ready with a club. Glad now, on your account, I didn't use it, but sorry on mine Why, the brute struck me from behind just 'cause I'd objected, five minutes before, to his spattering slops on the deck "

"My name's Halpin, Mr. Sawyer," panted Dick. "That fellow's an old school time enemy, and I suppressed my name and identity only to avoid this. Now that it's over it doesn't matter—and say, the skipper seemed to be on my side. Can't we convince him about Mr. Breen?"

"Not on your life," said Sawyer warningly. "Don't think of it. Too much has happened. And I'll tell you somethin' The skipper's suspectin'. I heard him an' the mate only yesterday talkin' about your friend Breen. You see he can't, in the nature o' things, keep himself back altogether The sailor sticks out of him, an' the skipper's catchin' on. Now, that's bad for him in this kind of a ship. An' only this mornin' the old man asked me what I thought about him—whether I thought he was anythin' more than what he made out, and I said that as far as I could see he was the most useless, good-for-nothin' soger that ever signed able-seaman. But it didn't go—I could see that. Give him a pointer to watch out. So long now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of 325,000 copies weekly.

THROUGH disregarding the ancient injunction to let not his right hand know what his left hand doeth, a certain famous American philanthropist was almost mobbed on stepping from an Atlantic liner recently at Southampton by a great crowd of money-seekers who had lain in wait for him.

* * *

IN VIEW of recent happenings that Cuban Constitutional Convention needs a new name. A free constitution with a supervisor sitting calmly upon it looks a trifle absurd. In the conflicting reports it is hard to get down to the exact facts—but one thing seems clear: Uncle Sam is boss down there and he shows no disposition to resign.

* * *

EVERY day the newspapers report sad instances of foolish people who expect to get everything for little or nothing. They vary from gold bricks to impossible profits on small investments. Of course the victims lose the little they have, and we fear the lessons they buy do not last so long as they should. Barnum expressed a great fact when he declared that the people like to be humbugged. And civilization seems to multiply the opportunities.

* * *

A PRESIDENT has his cares and his worries, but in California he will literally rest upon roses—not to mention other beautiful flowers. Thousands of acres of sweet peas and roses have been planted so as to be in full bloom for the visit of President McKinley and his distinguished party. Californians are generally a little ahead of other people in hospitality, and it looks as if they are going to break their own best records in the first year of the new century.

* * *

AHEAD is the great run of conventions. They begin in the spring, extend through the summer, last through the autumn, and end only when the grass is sere and the limbs are bare. They include everything from germs to mammals, from agriculture to astronomy, and they meet everywhere from the sunny shores of the Gulf to the chilly heights of Canada. Anybody who does not go to a convention of some kind misses a large part of life—and then, too, one can usually go on an excursion ticket

* * *

CUSTOM is a wonderful reformer. When the bicycle began to change the attire of men and women there were vigorous protests from those who did not ride wheels. In some instances the wheelmen were excluded from restaurants and hotels unless they made a change of costume. Soon golf reinforced the movement that the bicycle had started, and now the dressed-up man in spring or summer, especially at the resorts, is conspicuous by his coat. Just how far the change will go is problematical. Just how far it is desirable is a nice question for discussion.

Importing Imperial Etiquette from England

IF, AS some well-intentioned gentlemen assert, we are to have an emperor on the throne at Washington within the next twenty-five years, it is high time the dignitaries and functionaries at the Capital began casting an eye across the water toward the court of Edward VII, to learn the latest frills in royal dress, decorum and procedure. That being the case, it is perhaps just as well that the new king has manifested such a strong liking for all the pomp and circumstance, the forms and ceremonies, which distinguish a king from a nine-spot. Were it not for this predilection on his part for reviving all the royal prerogatives, the first court of the American emperor would probably be in a bad way for lack of precedent in many things. As a matter of fact, the king business has been falling into a decline in Europe for some time, with King Leopold making eyes at Parisian music-hall singers, Emperor William dodging an occasional brickbat, King Alfonso, of Spain, receiving the royal displeasure of his Queen-mother through the medium of her slipper, and other royalties in various lands behaving quite like common clay

In this extremity comes to the front Edward, King, after a long wait, of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, who insists upon running his court with all the forms which Henry V, George II, and other departed sovereigns held to be their divine rights. Besides riding about in the lumbering old state carriage which has not been used since 1840, having heralds sound a fanfare every time His Majesty sneezes, and wearing his crown in bed, King Edward has ordered that no more deputations be given royal audience unless the members thereof appear either in uniform or in court dress. Frock coats and trousers are barred. "This," said Edward, Rex, "is no republic."

The same remark having lately been directed toward the Government of these United States, it might be fitting that certain steps be taken to add dignity to the public functions at the Capital in keeping with modern styles in royalty. That important personage, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, who is now the chief factotum at inaugurations, the proroguing of Congress and similar Governmental functions, should give way to the Lord High Chamberlain under the new order of things, and that dignitary would have charge of the coronation of the Emperor. In the coronation parade the Invincible Marching Club would naturally be superseded by the Emperor's Life Guards, and, like other emperors, he would probably need them. All members of the Senate who are over eighty years old could be invested with the Order of the Bald Eagle, as a special mark of the favor of the Emperor; and with the insignia of the order glittering on their red velvet uniforms the Senators could totter along behind the Emperor in the parade.

Perhaps the best way to determine just what steps would be necessary to convert this country into a first-class up-to-date empire would be to appoint a commission to visit England and sound King Edward on the subject. The present Administration is very strong on commissions when it is in need of information, and as it has been broadly hinted that it is also strong on empires, the suggestion in the present instance might be warmly received

— FRANK X. FINNEGAN

* * *

The enemies of the Steel Trust might quote President Andrew Jackson, who declared that he had no respect for a man who could not spell a word more than one way.

* * *

Trusts as the Agents of Tariff Reform

THE industrial and commercial revolution is moving on with increasing momentum. Hardly had the public begun to realize the meaning of the annexation of the Southern Pacific system to the Union Pacific when it was startled by the intimation that Mr. Andrew Carnegie had sold his manufacturing interests to a syndicate headed by Mr John D. Rockefeller and Mr. James Pierpont Morgan, and that these capitalists were about to concentrate the iron and steel industries of the world in a "billion dollar trust"

Immediately afterward Secretary Gage ordered the application to Russian sugar of the discriminating duties which, under the Dingley Tariff Act, are to be imposed on all sugars coming from countries which pay bounties on exports. Russia promptly retaliated by subjecting American manufactures to the general tariff, which previously had been relaxed in our favor. The effect of this action was to increase the duties on such goods by about thirty per cent. Forthwith the European press began to talk of a general tariff war as a means of bringing the dreaded American giant to his knees.

All these things have suddenly brought the tariff question back into politics, but in a form totally different from any it ever assumed in this country before. On the one hand, there is a feeling among Republicans that the Republican party can no longer afford to occupy the position of giving special favors at the general expense to gentlemen so well able to take care of themselves as those in control of the Steel Trust. This finds expression in the bill introduced by Mr. Babcock, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, abolishing the duties on manufactures of iron and steel. On the other hand, we have the growing impression among manufacturers that the tariff has ceased to be a help to them and has become a handicap. The clash with Russia has suddenly driven that conviction home. The Treasury returns for the calendar year 1900 show that the United States has now become the greatest exporting country in the world. Our exports last year amounted to $1,453,013,659, against $1,418,348,000 for the United Kingdom, $1,050,611,000 for Germany, and $780,000,000 for France. Twenty-five years ago we were fourth, with domestic exports of $497,263,737, while those of Germany reached $607,096,000, those of France $747,489,000, and those of the United Kingdom $1,087,497,000. In other words, we have almost trebled our exports while Germany has not doubled hers. The United Kingdom has increased hers by a little over one-third, and France has hardly increased hers at all

Evidently the days of the Home Market Club are numbered. It is the foreign markets that our manufacturers are reaching out for. The "tariff reform" movement of ten years ago is dead. There is no longer a party of consumers against a party of producers, but the new tariff reform movement, enlisting the producers themselves in an effort to conquer the commerce of the world in an open field, promises to level the walls of protection here as a similar movement did in England sixty years ago

It is significant that this agitation for freer trade here should coincide with an agitation for protection in Great Britain. It shows that England and America have changed places industrially; that we are now the aggressive commercial power, and that Great Britain's anxiety is less to capture new markets than to keep those she has

The obstructive policy of the Senate in the matter of reciprocity treaties negotiated by the Administration promotes the probability of a general tariff settlement. It is evident that in the era of tariff wars that European trade hostility is threatening, we shall need some means of making it worth the while of other countries to treat us fairly. It is equally evident that we cannot accomplish this result by means of reciprocity treaties to be put to sleep in the Senate. Probably in the end we shall come to the European system of maximum and minimum tariffs of which Russia has just given us a pointed example. We shall have a very low tariff, probably almost on a free-trade basis, to be applied to the goods of countries that open their markets to us on reasonable terms, and a high tariff for the benefit of those countries that prefer a policy of exclusiveness. To preserve the amenities we may call the high schedules the "ordinary" tariff and the low ones the "special" tariff. Thus we shall never be forced to the unpleasant necessity of "retaliating." We shall merely "withhold special favors." It will be understood that most of our trade with the world will be on the favored basis.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

* * *

Since witnessing some of the performances of the allied troops around Peking, possibly the Chinese may feel like sending a few missionaries to Europe.

* * *

Should We Tip Our Admirals?

NOW that Rear Admiral Sampson has received a check for $8335 for winning the Battle of Santiago and Admiral Dewey has received a check for $9570 for winning the Battle of Manila Bay, we are forced to appreciate the sordid features of patriotism.

Now, this is in no sense a criticism of either of the officers named; it is a criticism of the system of giving prize-money. Perhaps the leading officers feel that unless they send in their bills the officers and men under them would be deprived of prize-money which they have depended upon receiving. The system itself, however, is literally a relic of barbarism, and a displeasing relic

The giving of prize-money is a survival of the ancient system under which armies and navies were lured by the hope of "loot" more than glory—when "mercenaries" were men who sold their services to any country that would hire them—when a city conquered meant a city sacked and plundered, just like, in fact, the recent barbarous doings in China.

But outside of China the decencies of life have had to be preserved. "Loot" is no longer official; armies are no longer paid for victory by free plunder.

But a curious survival has lingered. Though a general may capture a dozen cities he is to be content with his salary and his laurels. But if an admiral destroys a fleet he and his men are to have not only salaries and laurels but extra pay. The decency of civilization ordains that the naval officer cannot "loot" the spoils of the enemy; but his own Government gives him a cash equivalent for the forbearance he exercises.

Our naval officers are educated at the Government's expense. They are salaried for life. They are advanced from grade to grade, and after a certain term of service are retired on good pay. Their position gives them high social standing and their salaries place them beyond the possibility of want. Why, then, when the opportunity comes to gain glory, must the glory be tarnished with a demand for special pay?

If for a special victory Congress or the public should generously give a leader some magnificent gift, no one could possibly object to such an appreciation of patriotic and gallant work. It is the sordid demand for it as so many dollars due that jars.

Recently the writer was one of a party that went through the battleship Indiana. A gunner courteously offered his services as guide and led the party through every part of the ship, clambering far down into the hold and up into the fighting-tops, opening and explaining the mechanism of guns and hoists and electric apparatus.

As the trip was beginning a tip was handed him, but he shook his head smilingly and said: "Thank you. But the Government pays me very well for my services and I never take tips"

It is time that this spirit of the gunner should, for the honor of the country, be evident throughout all the ranks.

— ROBERT SHACKLETON

* * *

Every decade brings shorter hours to those who merely work, but for those who would succeed there is no time-table.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Mr Robert S. McCormick

Minister McCormick on the Box

There is one person in Chicago who does not yield to the closest friends of Mr. Robert S. McCormick in enthusiasm regarding the President's selection of him to be our Minister to Austria. This devoted admirer of Mr. McCormick is one of the veteran "cabbies" of Chicago, and in view of his experience with Mr. McCormick his radical partiality is not strange. This is the account given by the enthusiastic cabman, who is called "Billy."

The latter's stand was close by the club at which Mr. McCormick generally stopped before going home, at the close of his business day. The clubman became Billy's regular patron and his genial and friendly ways soon won the heart of the cabby. One night, however, Mr. McCormick was surprised when his customary request to be driven to his home was met by the reply:

"I guess you'll have to pass me up, sir, and call No. 40 I'm clean knocked out—so sick I can't think what I ought to do, and I'm just waiting to feel better before I try to start out for anywhere."

"You are sick, sure enough!" exclaimed Mr. McCormick, closely scrutinizing the cabman's face; "and the place for you is a hospital. I've a little interest in one up on the North Side and I'll see that you are taken care of there Just for to-night we'll change places. You get inside and I'll do the driving. Now, don't say a word."

The feeble protests of the cabman were brushed hastily aside and he was bundled into his own vehicle. Mounting to the box, the future United States Minister to Austria drove the cabby to the hospital, and there saw that he was provided for in the most generous manner. Then he continued his rôle of cabman and drove to the stable where the sick man's horses were kept

"Just like Robert!" was the comment almost invariably aroused by the anecdote when it came, through the grateful cabman's free telling of it, to the ears of the clubman's near associates

The tastes of Mr. McCormick are distinctively scholarly and social, rather than commercial. He is an alumnus of the University of Virginia, and his first public position was that of Second Secretary of Legation, in London, under United States Minister Robert T. Lincoln. Here he gave clear evidence of his adaptability to diplomatic work, but resigned the position in order to accept the important post of representative in England of the World's Columbian Exposition. When the great fair was under way he returned to Chicago, and there received fresh honors in the form of an appointment to membership on the Public Library Board, of which he was for two terms the President

Mr. McCormick married Miss Katharine Medill, daughter of the Hon. Joseph Medill, late owner and editor of the Chicago Tribune. They have two children, both boys. One is a reporter on the Tribune and the other is in Yale College When the news of Mr. McCormick's selection for the Austrian post was announced in his favorite club, one close friend dryly remarked·

"Of course he'll refuse! What! Accept the place of United States Minister to Austria when he is already president of the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton? Never

While this remark was, of course, made in jest, it may nevertheless be taken as a hint of the social popularity which must be commanded by the man who attains the distinction of being elected to the presidency of this club, which is one of the greatest golfing organizations in the country.

Aside from golf, Mr. McCormick's favorite diversion is the collection of Napoleona. Of engravings, etchings, photographs of paintings, and of all kinds of prints of the great Emperor, his collection is one of the best in America.

He is not only a judge of pictures, but has cultivated literary tastes. His abilities as a linguist will stand him in good stead in his new field of activity. His researches in the field of foreign politics have been thorough and comprehensive, and all the principal political journals of England, France and Germany he regularly and carefully studies

It is understood among his near friends that he has made several translations from the German which have shown both scholarship and refined literary taste

The Knot that Failed the Diplomat

Mr. Louis Voisson, who has been of benefit to the French Government by making a Burmese-French Grammar, and who is well known in America through his many years as French Consul in Philadelphia, tells a most delightful story of how he and the King of Burmah became good chums

The President of the French Republic ordered him to Burmah on a diplomatic mission. Mr. Voisson knew the Burmese language probably better than any other man not native-born. He knew not only the high-caste tongue but the provincial dialects. He knew the customs of the Burmese common folk and of the royal palace. It was to the advantage of France that he should be *persona grata* at the Burmese court

He strongly desired to make a good impression at his presentation. He knew King Thebaw was a merry monarch; a good fellow when once you pleased him, but rather tenacious of the etiquette of the ceremony due him from a foreigner

Mr. Voisson, wishing to do the proper thing, and to do it according to the highest etiquette of the court, got one of the officials of the palace to show him how to dress according to the native way of presentation; the conventional dress suit was impossible during that scorching season, yet the white linen unofficial suit, that closely resembled pajamas, would be frowned upon.

The official gladly undertook the task, for Mr. Voisson was a most likable man. Both entered into the scheme with glee. The costume consisted of yards and yards of white silk wound around the body, clothing it perfectly, keeping it cool, and giving really graceful lines.

The silk was bought; the day of the presentation of the French representative came; and Mr. Voisson's servant, having been instructed by the official, wound the yards of silk around his master's body.

Unfortunately, he did not know how to give the last final knot that kept the whole in place. He thought he did, however, and Mr. Voisson was taken to the palace wearing his unique costume

All went well until he was before the King. Then the knot loosened itself. Mr. Voisson had been introduced; the King was making his speech of welcome—and Mr. Voisson knew that in another five minutes he would be disrobed Even had there been a pin on the floor he could not, without a breach of the court etiquette, have stooped to pick it up

His knees shook, and the trembling of his body did not assist in keeping the silk in place. He felt the inside swathings slip, slip, slip. He counted the seconds as he listened to the sonorous tones of King Thebaw's voice, welcoming him to Burmah.

His brow dampened; he almost gave way to the desire to shriek aloud, and felt like a man with a tarantula crawling up his leg and a pistol pointed at his face. He found grim endurance and silence his only hope. The look of agony in his face was noticed by the King

He said, "The heat has overcome you," and finished the ceremony

Mr. Voisson backed carefully out, taking every step as if he were treading on the proverbial eggshells. Outside the throne-room the silken swathings gave way entirely.

The next day Mr. Voisson told the entire story to the King, and it so tickled Thebaw's sense of humor that the French representative found favor thereafter in his eyes above all other foreigners.

A Rule Stronger than Mr. Carnegie

The conspicuous part played by the Carnegie Steel Company in recent news calls attention to an important condition that has helped to bring about the wonderful development of this concern. The company is probably the only one in the world in which "influence" and "pull" are not permitted to affect promotions. A hard and fast rule is laid down that all promotions must come from the ranks, and that everybody in the employ of the concern must stand on his own merits. Neither relationship nor any other claim is recognized, either in obtaining employment or in getting ahead after a place is won. That this is not mere idle talk was forcibly brought home, the other day to a Pittsburger

This man, after a successful business career, recently met with a series of commercial reverses that left him practically without a dollar in the world. There was, however, nothing to reflect on his probity or on his business acumen, his misfortunes being due to circumstances over which he had no control. As he was in excellent health, looking and feeling at least ten years younger than he really was, the disaster did not break his spirit. He determined that he would begin all over again, and make a new fortune. As a preliminary, he went to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whom he had known intimately all his life, having been with him a member of the Duquesne Club and of other organizations. He explained his situation and asked for a position in the works commensurate with his position and training

"I cannot give you a position," said Mr. Carnegie.

"You cannot—why?"

"Simply because I haven't the power."

"But you are the chief owner!"

"Yes, I am, but it is a rule in the Carnegie Company that everybody must begin at the bottom and work up, and neither I nor any one else can change that rule. If I should give an order to put you in such a position as you ask, even if there were a vacancy, no attention would be paid to it—not the slightest. In fact, if I should give you any sort of a letter of recommendation it would only do you more harm than good. In the first place, it would not get you a place such as you ask, and in the second place, if you did succeed in getting in at the bottom, the very fact that I had recommended you would make everybody in the establishment watch you like a hawk. That is the way influence works in our concern."

The Pittsburger went away and got work elsewhere; but he regrets that he did not start earlier in life in an enterprise where merit is so absolutely the test. Whether the same rule will be maintained under the great consolidation is a question that interests many people.

Mr John A. McCall

A Huge Salary from Working Overtime

The story printed by one of the New York papers that the salary of Mr. John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, is to be raised an additional $25,000 a year, recalls the incident that proved a turning point in Mr. McCall's career. It reads like a chapter from the books that used to be published for good little boys, and incidentally shows that it pays to do more than your mere duty

In the seventies, Mr. McCall, then a young man with a wife and two children, received an appointment in the New York State Insurance Department in return for work done for his political party. When he entered upon the duties of his position, which was that of a clerk at $1200 a year, he dropped politics and attended strictly to business. This fact did not save him from being marked for dismissal when a Republican Insurance Commissioner was appointed to succeed the Democrat under whom Mr McCall held office

Things looked pretty black for the young clerk. Out of his salary he had been able to save little or nothing after providing for his family, and the prospects for getting another place were almost hopeless

But the fact that he was going to lose his job did not apparently interfere with Mr. McCall's conviction that he ought in the meanwhile to earn the salary he was still drawing. Therefore it happened that the new Insurance Commissioner, in passing the Capitol late at night, noticed on half a dozen occasions that lights were still burning in a room of the Insurance Department. This made him curious, and he concluded to investigate. So he went upstairs and found young McCall bending over ledger and record, and working away as though his term of office were to extend forever

"How is it you are working here so late when everybody else has gone home?" the new Commissioner asked

"Well," was the response, "there is a lot to do, and when I go out I want to leave everything cleaned up

"Was it you that was here last night, and night before, and the night before that, burning the State's gas?"

"Yes, I was here"

"Are you in the habit of working nights?

"Whenever it is necessary, I am

"And have been in the past?"

"Yes; whenever there was work to do. I have always thought it a good scheme to get it out of the way, because it proves troublesome if I let it accumulate."

"H m!" grunted the new Commissioner. "I am glad to see that somebody is anxious to earn his salary. Good-night.'

The next day the Republican Commissioner saw the Republican Governor and said

"I guess that fellow McCall is all right. He is the sort of chap I want, even if he is a Democrat."

As a result, the notice to Mr. McCall, advising him that his services were to be dispensed with, was withdrawn, and he remained in the Insurance Department, in various successive capacities, until 1883, when he was appointed by Governor Grover Cleveland as Insurance Commissioner After his term expired he accepted an offer from the Equitable Life Insurance Company to act as its Controller, and when the New York Life was reorganized he was, by the unanimous vote of its directors, elected as President

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROBERT and I have felt for the last week or so that we were a good deal like the proverbial "birds of a feather," for we have not only flocked together, but we have flocked for the most part all by ourselves, and I have been reminded of the absurd version of this old adage which Dundreary propounded. "Who ever heard," said he, "of birds having only one feather? Why, they'd fly all on one side." And this has been rather our plight, for all other Congressional birds, save those who are remaining here to grind some special axe at the White House, have "some flown east and some flown west and some flown over the cuckoo's nest," as the old rhyme says. It was the funniest thing on earth to see this exodus from Washington. The children of Israel flying from bondage were not a circumstance beside the mad scramble among legislators to get away from the Capital. One would have supposed that all the plagues of Egypt were let loose in Washington, and that if a Congressman were found here after midnight of March 4 he would become a victim of the plague of locusts or flies, or any other of those many things that were sent to Pharaoh.

Robert came home one day laughing and said:

"I wish you could see the things that members of Congress are franking home, Agatha."

"What kind of things, Robert? I thought they could only frank their letters and telegrams."

"By no means. It seems that they frank everything, from the family wash to an automobile."

"Do you mean to tell me that Uncle Sam moves them and their household goods for nothing?" I asked in amazement.

"Well, that's about the size of it, Agatha, and as everything that is franked has to go in postal cars you can imagine the fine frenzy of postal clerks and officials. Why, don't you know that at the close of every session of Congress every member of the House is entitled to three good-sized wooden boxes? These boxes are built by the House carpenter and paid for out of the contingent fund. Two of them are made of pine and the other is made of cedar. They have clamps and hasps and iron handles."

"What are they for?" asked I.

"Oh, well, for any old thing. They ostensibly are for papers and books, but everything, from bedding and clothing down to typewriters, files of newspapers, pamphlets, inkstands and old speeches, go into them, along with disappointed hopes and blighted political aspirations. Why, this outgoing Congress," continued Robert, "has sent off about one thousand of these boxes, all franked and cared for without charge by the Government."

"Well, all I've got to say is that the Government is a very indulgent old grandfather to be willing to be carrier for its Congresses. I don't wonder Wendell Phillips in his impatience likened our Government to a 'go-cart' or a 'pair of crutches.'"

Robert laughed, then he said:

"I was up at the Treasury on business today and you ought to see the mess of old, soiled, ragged dollars that the inaugural crowd dumped here for redemption. Why, I never saw such a sight in my life. There were one hundred and fifty thousand of the most ratty, dog-eared dollars I ever beheld, to say nothing of baskets of punched, pierced, battered coin in dimes and quarters. Some of it was Mexican and some of it was Canadian, and all of it looked as though it could breed disease."

"What do they take it for?" I asked, not knowing the obligation the Treasury is under.

"Why, the Treasury's duty is to redeem money. They will redeem a bill for its full value if only three-fifths of the bill is presented to them. If less than three-fifths and more than two-fifths is offered, they will redeem it to half its value, but less than two-fifths will not be redeemed at all. And I can tell you that some of these old bills in the last few days had a hard time to spread themselves over the three-fifths' requirement. They told me that the clerks have to watch for counterfeit money very sharply, and they particularly dislike to handle the money from the West, because it is always so long in circulation that it is invariably more ragged than that which comes from any other part of the country."

"What do they do with the old money?" asked I.

"Well, it is counted first by the receiving clerk, then tied up in bundles of different denominations, then the bundles are cut in two and the halves counted for verification. If in a second counting of the two halves a counterfeit bill is found the clerk who originally counted the package has to stand the loss. But these clerks become so expert that they can tell with the balls of their fingers whether a bill is counterfeit or not, just from the feeling. Some of the women counters are unusually quick at detecting a bogus bill. When these bundles of notes have passed the last scrutiny and last touch they are destroyed down in the vault of the Treasury in the presence of certain picked officials. One of the officials told me that this particular inaugural crowd had brought more ragged money than had ever come into the town before."

"I suppose that the greater part of outgoing Congressmen are gone by this time?" asked I.

"Well, the rank and file are about gone, but there are sights of Representatives and Senators here hanging around the President and Root for appointments for their constituents. I was up at the War Department myself on such a mission. For you know, Agatha, I want one of these six hundred and ten second-lieutenancy appointments under the Army bill. I promised it to State Senator Jenks' son. You know Jenks stood by me in the caucus at Spruce City and I owe my getting through the Legislature largely to him. Well, I tried to find Root, and, by Jove! Root's doors in every direction were locked and barred, and not even a doorkeeper or a messenger was on hand to carry in a card. Why, they told me that even a Cabinet officer had been there and been denied and had had to call up the Secretary by telephone. There are seven thousand applications for these same six hundred and ten lieutenancies, and Heaven only knows how many for other grades! I have not, luckily, indorsed many applications myself. But two Senators have, I am told, indorsed something like two thousand applications for these Army places."

"Do they expect to get them?" I asked in astonishment.

"Good Heavens, no! And the pressure for places on the Spanish Claims Commission has been stupendous up at the White House. I thought I'd nose up there myself after the Senate adjournment and see if there were anything lying about to be picked up, and, by George! I ran into a lot of other Senators all there on the same mission."

"It is disgusting!" cried I, "Abraham Lincoln never uttered a truer word than when he said: 'If this Government of ours is ever utterly demoralized it will come from this incessant wriggling and struggle for office, which is a way to live without work.'"

"I met the Vice President, too," said Robert.

"I wonder what he was after," said I.

"Oh, he was not there for anything of that sort. I found him very affable. He seemed to be a good deal amused at the advice and comment that had been offered him by members of the Senate. He said: 'Mr. Foraker told me that I talked too low, and Mr. Lodge told me I talked too loud;' and the Vice-President threw back his head and laughed good-naturedly.

"After I left the Vice President," continued Robert, "I met a group of men who were discussing Roosevelt, and among them was Gallinger, and Gallinger said: 'Oh, Roosevelt's all right, but it is evident that he does not like to be prompted by the clerk.'"

"Poor man!" said I. "Whatever he does, even when he strives to do his best, he will be a target for tongues. It is queer, Robert, that all the world seems to pick upon a man who is independent. One thing is certain, Congress ought to raise the Vice-President's salary. He only gets eight thousand dollars for filling the most disagreeable and thankless office ever devised under a kindly Government. And Mr. Roosevelt has got to pay six thousand dollars a year for the Bellamy Storer's house to live in, and as a practical financier I want to know how it is to be done? You know Benjamin Franklin said, 'If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.'"

"Yes," said Robert, looking perplexed, "and some other old duffer says that 'our incomes are like our shoes, if too small they pinch us; if too large they make us stumble.'"

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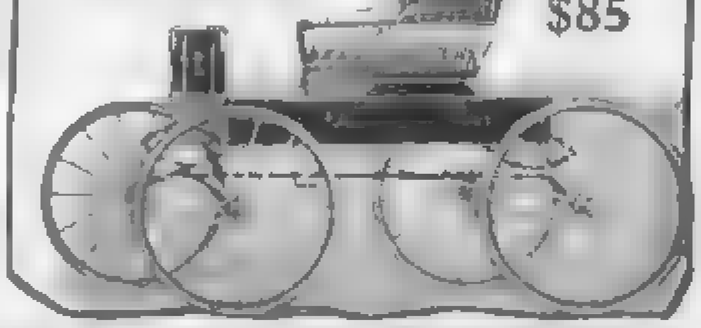

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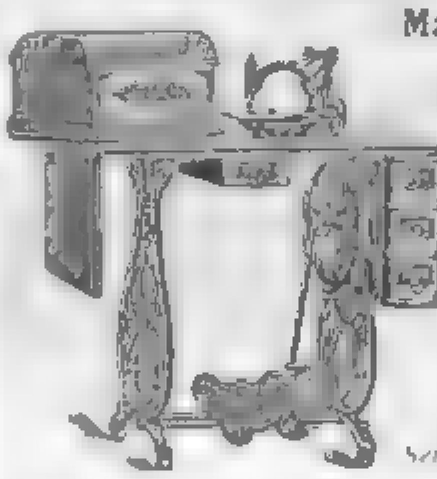

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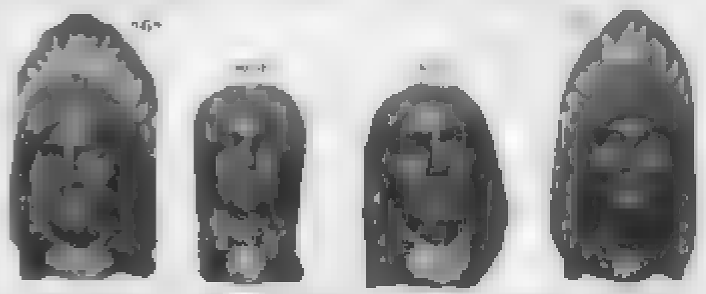

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I'd rather stumble any day than hobble," declared I

A day or two after this Robert and I went to a delightfully informal dinner where there was not only a surfeit of good viands, but a surfeit of good wit, to say nothing of a full bill of fine company. Senator P—— and Senator Depew were there, and also a well known scientific man, Doctor B——, and a prominent newspaper man, and the talk flew back and forth in lively fashion and became very interesting, when some one threw down suddenly that old, threadbare, much mooted question of fame and what constituted it Senator P—— was the first to take up the cudgels

Well, for my part I don't know what fame is. It never came my way. Carlyle says that fame has never been a property of man, but only his accident, and that it is by no means a true test of merit. I rather think most of us in the Senate will subscribe to the last statement; hey, Depew?"

We all waited for Mr. Depew's reply

"Well," said Mr. Depew, "I've been chasing fame all my life and I don't know that I've ever caught up with it any more than Senator P—— says he has. Lately I have been chasing fame in the United States Senate, and of all the hard work the hardest is to work for fame in the Senate. I've come to one conclusion which I think is sound, that fame consists in standing in with the newspaper men. What do you think of that proposition?" queried Mr. Depew, turning to the newspaper man

"For my part," said the representative of the press, bowing and looking slyly at Mr. Depew, "I agree with Thoreau that 'even the best things are not equal to their fame'"

This little thrust brought out a laugh in which Mr. Depew of course joined. He said at last with emphasis:

"I agree, too, with Thoreau, and I do not believe that I am far out of the way in stating that five hundred years from now out of all the famous names in America only two will go down everlastingly to posterity. The rest will have dropped by the way

"And those two?" queried Senator P——

"George Washington and Abraham Lincoln!" replied Mr. Depew.

"And not Grant's name?" asked Doctor B——

I doubt if Grant will stand beside the other two, even one hundred years hence said the Senator with conviction

He paused for a moment as if in reflection and then went quietly on

"When I was a very young man——"

"Was that before your chase for fame began?" asked Senator P—— slyly, who never lost a chance to poke fun at his fellow Senator

"Yes, long before my chase for fame began," good-naturedly said Senator Depew "I remember receiving a great shock concerning a celebrated and justly famous man, and that man was Ralph Waldo Emerson. I was living at Peekskill at that time and our town was determined to get Mr. Emerson there to lecture. It was a time when the whole country worshiped at the great philosopher's shrine, and every man and woman with any pretensions to thought or mind was deeply imbued by the whole school of thinkers to which Emerson belonged. It was a cult in that day. Well, I was selected by the town committee to put this lecture through and to look after Mr Emerson. I was very nervous over it, for I was terribly in awe of the great philosopher, being one of his worshipers As the day came around the tickets seemed to stay on hand and we could not sell them The committee, greatly chagrined, came to me and insisted that I must go to Mr. Emerson and ask if he would be willing that the price of admission should be reduced. In fear and trembling I went to him, and managed to stammer out the state of the case, and asked if we might lower the price. He looked at me gravely, then tapped me on the shoulder and said, as though incensed

"'Not one cent, my boy.'

"Why," continued Mr. Depew, "it was like a slap in the face. It seemed to me that my idol's feet were of clay. I remember that I thought it smacked more of a commercial drummer than of a great philosopher. I could not understand it. I must confess that I do not understand it to this day."

"Might it not have been the attitude of the lofty soul indifferent to the public, rather than a sordid instinct?" ventured Robert, not relishing this unexpected little side light upon the great thinker

"I have tried to think so, but have never quite succeeded," said Mr. Depew

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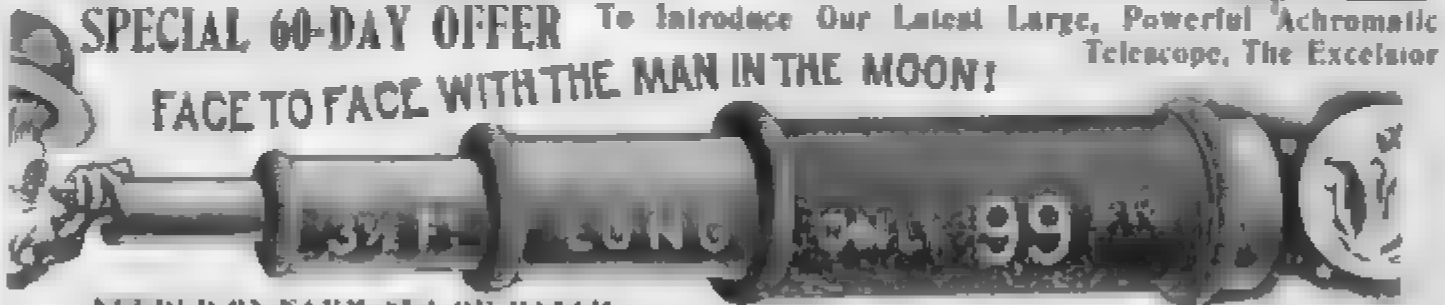

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Raising Canaries for Profit

By René Bache

A PAIR of canaries ought to yield, under favorable circumstances, a clear profit of at least four dollars a year through the sale of their offspring. When it is considered that one hundred, or even two hundred, pairs may easily be managed and cared for by one person—say, for example, a young woman who takes an interest in such work and has her time at her own disposal—it is obvious that there is money in the business of breeding the birds. As in any other occupation, there are difficulties to be encountered, but these are not likely to prove serious when proper pains are taken.

Such an enterprise has the advantage of requiring only a very small amount of capital, so that the beginner need not hesitate for lack of money. A few dollars will pay for the start, and it is taken for granted that a person who engages in such an industry will enjoy it for its own sake, and not stint the labor demanded for the care and comfort of the feathered charges. To be successful with birds, one should be fond of them. Constant attention, with some knowledge of their wants, is what is required.

Canaries are the most thoroughly domesticated of all cage birds. Through long habit of imprisonment, they have practically lost the instincts of wild feathered creatures, and are content to dwell and to reproduce their species in captivity. They are wonderfully prolific, and under favorable circumstances an average of twenty young ones should be obtained from each pair of breeders in a season. In May, June, July and August male singers a year old will bring two dollars apiece, any fancier being glad to purchase them at that rate, so that there is no lack of a ready market. At other times they are worth only half as much, but after April the birds are not imported to any extent, and this is why prices for males go up in late spring and summer. Females, on the other hand, bring only twenty-five cents each in summer and fifty cents in winter. They have no song and are useful only for breeding.

In Europe the breeding of canaries is an important industry, though carried on chiefly as a sort of household enterprise, the humblest peasant keeping a few of the birds for the sake of the small but reliable contribution they make to the little savings fund in the toe of the family stocking. This is done to a large extent in England, but more particularly in Germany, and especially in the region of the Hartz Mountains, where the finest singers in the world are produced. It is surprising that so few canaries are raised in this country, the market on this side of the water being supplied almost wholly with foreign-bred birds. There is no reason why they should not be bred here as successfully as anywhere else.

Instructions for Making the Cages

The beginner in the business of canary-raising has first to consider the matter of breeding-cages. He may make them for himself if he chooses, and at very little expense, but, if the few requisite dollars are not lacking, the best plan, and perhaps the cheapest in the long run, will be to buy the cages, which can be obtained for one dollar and a half to two dollars apiece. In a general way it may be said that the bigger the cage the better it is for the purpose, but one must consider the economy of space, and so the best advice on this point is that the wire box should not be less in size than twenty by twenty inches.

Too small a cage makes the birds restless and quarrelsome. The young ones have to be fed by their parents for a number of days after they are hatched, and, if they are crowded, there is apt to be trouble of one sort or another. For instance, under such circumstances, the mother is likely to begin plucking the feathers off the fledglings. This is an odd sort of vice which seems quite unaccountable and is almost impossible to check. If the female begins it, the male is liable to imitate her example, and the little ones are soon reduced to a condition of nakedness. To guard against this and other mischiefs there must be a partition down the middle of the breeding cage, dividing it into two compartments, so that the young birds may be put by themselves when they have reached the proper age, while still fed through the bars.

Canaries do not breed in winter, and during that season it is desirable to keep the males separate from the females. When spring comes, though not until the weather is warm, preparations may be made for mating. The pairs may not agree very well at first, but usually, after a short time, they will arrange their domestic affairs satisfactorily, and the female will begin to exhibit evidences of an intention to construct a nest. It is best to let her make her own nest, if she will do so (a little basket to hold it being provided), and no material is more suitable for the purpose than raveled bagging, the strands of which may be cut into lengths of two inches or so and put into the cage. These serve for the outside, while for the inside of the nest raveled toweling, or coarse thread, similarly cut into bits, is as good as anything.

When, on the other hand, the hen bird seems to require assistance in nest-making, the thoughtful proprietor will line the little basket with a bit of muslin, in such a manner that the stitches shall not be exposed for the expectant mother to peck at and pull out.

From three to five, and occasionally six, eggs are laid. The hen bird does not sit on the first egg, but begins the task of incubation when the second one has been deposited. Fourteen days are required to accomplish the hatching, but on no account must there be any interference in case the baby canaries do not make their appearance promptly on time. To break an egg, in an effort to help its occupant to emerge, is a fatal mistake.

The young ones are fed by the parents from the moment of their first appearance in the world. A newly hatched chick requires no food for the first thirty-six hours of its life, because Nature has provided it with a yolk sac containing a sufficient store of nourishment for that length of time. But with the infant canary the case is different: it has no yolk-sac, and must be promptly supplied with suitable provender. For this purpose mixed hard-boiled egg and powdered cracker crumb must be furnished to the parents, with plenty of water cress, the latter being of the utmost importance to the health and prospects of the nestlings.

How to Make the Fledglings Comfortable

During the period of incubation the cage must not be cleaned or otherwise disturbed. The young ones, after being hatched, will remain in the nest nearly two weeks. Then, some fine day, you will see them flutter clumsily out and sit upon the perches. Having thus made a first venture into the world, they will come out again every little while, staying out only a few minutes at a time, and then going back to the nest. Each time they will stay out a little longer, and after the second day they are likely to remain out.

As soon as they have left the nest for good it will be best to transfer the young ones into the second compartment of the cage, inasmuch as the mother will probably, by this time, be anxious to lay another batch of eggs and start a new brood. She is very freakish, and may pluck her offspring, or may even prevent the male from feeding them, unless this precaution be taken. When the arrangement suggested has been made, the male will feed the fledglings through the bars, exhibiting the utmost anxiety for their welfare until they are fully able to look out for themselves.

A day or two after the separation has been accomplished, supply the young ones with a little egg and crushed hemp-seed, and, as soon as they seem to be helping themselves pretty well, remove them to another cage, keeping them out of sight and hearing of the male if possible, because he will worry about them if he sees or hears them. Meanwhile, before the hen bird goes to sitting again, the cage must be thoroughly cleansed with kerosene and the nest scalded and dried. In this way danger from insect parasites will, to a great extent, be avoided. Perches should be scraped and not washed, lest the canaries contract rheumatism, and it is worth mentioning in this connection that there should be a perch close by the nest, so that the birds may hop upon it instead of alighting on the edge of the nest itself.

How to Train the Little Warblers' Voices

When about five weeks old the little canaries will begin to warble faintly. Both male and female sing in infancy, but the warble of the male is unbroken and continuous, while that of the female pauses

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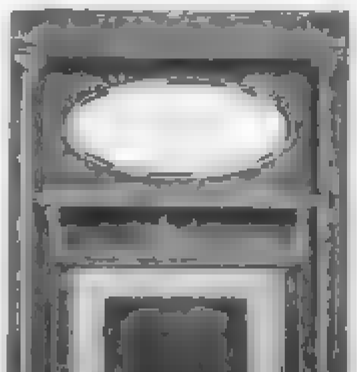

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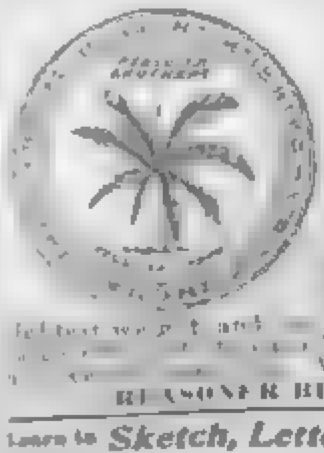

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at intervals. In this way the amateur may tell the females from the males even at so early an age. They make this faint warbling when standing sleepily on the perch, and one may start them at it by rubbing a wet cork on the mouth of a bottle, or by making any sort of scraping sound, as with a knife and fork.

Female canaries, being non-singers, have little market value, but a really good mother bird is of such worth to the breeder that he ought not to be willing to sell her for her weight in gold.

By the term "good mother" is meant a female that takes first-rate care of her offspring and feeds them faithfully. It is a fact both interesting and curious that once in a while a female canary turns out to be a very fine singer indeed.

To train the voices of the young ones, a fine singer should be placed in the room with them, and such is their power of imitation that in four to six months they may be expected to be accomplished vocalists. A canary can be taught to imitate almost any sound if the instruction is conveyed when it is young enough. It may be taught to sing a tune, such as A Life on the Ocean Wave, or even to speak a few words, by repeatedly saying them in falsetto. A little instrument called a "bird-organ," which is played by turning a crank, is sometimes used to much advantage for training canaries, though it does not attempt to imitate the bird voice.

A pair of canaries may be expected to produce three broods of young ones in a season, and some hens will raise four broods. Breeders sometimes rear the birds in aviaries, putting a lot of them together in a room, but a serious objection to this method is that the males are apt to fight, while exceptionally combative females often make trouble. Of course, such breeding is indiscriminate, giving no opportunities for improvement of varieties by selection of mates.

The Secret of Raising the Red Canary

A breeding-room for canaries ought to be kept as quiet as possible, and should be free from drafts, as well as well ventilated. Also, it should be comfortably warm in winter. Drafts are fatal to the birds, and many a lady's pet gets its death from being hung up in a window — a favorite mode of giving a canary fresh air. For sick canaries a little hemp-seed is good. It should be put in a separate dish, for otherwise everything else will be thrown out in order to get at it. Water should be renewed twice a day, and a bath ought to be furnished at least every other day in summer and winter. Sweet apple is always wholesome food, and care should be taken to break the cuttle bone occasionally. When one sees the female bird partaking of the cuttle at about seven o'clock in the evening, it may usually be taken for granted that she will lay an egg on the following morning — a bit of fancier's lore which may be useful.

It is astonishing how little is known in this country about canaries. In Europe there is a widespread popular interest in the subject, and periodical shows of these birds are held, just as we have poultry shows. In England has been evolved the brilliant red canary, which was long a mystery. Breeders not in the secret thought at first that specimens of the kind were dyed, and protested against the award of prizes to them at exhibitions, even going so far as to pluck their feathers surreptitiously and have analyses made. Eventually, however, it was ascertained that the color was produced by feeding the birds with cayenne pepper.

The German canaries, though not bred for color or shape, and consequently unornamental in appearance, are the finest songsters in the world. The chief industry of the village of Andreasberg, in the Hartz Mountains, is the propagation of an exceptional strain of the birds, which sing as no other canaries can sing. Their notes are originally obtained by placing nightingales and other song birds in the breeding-rooms, the most promising pupils being selected for the training. After three or four seasons a canary, thus instructed, is ready for the position of teacher, and is used to train young beginners.

Canaries, which were originally green and gray in color, were native to the islands from which they take their name, and were first taken to England on ships plying between English ports and the south of France. From this stock have been derived a number of distinct varieties, such as the Crested, the Green, the Lizard, which imitates the reptile in its variegated markings, and the Belgian, which has a strange humpbacked appearance.

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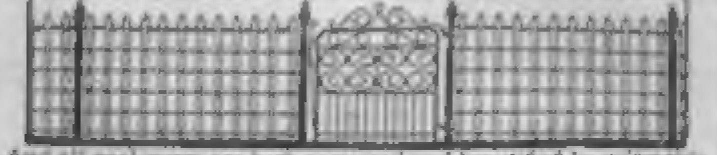

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Wonderful Increase in Libraries

During the past twenty years the number of public libraries in the United States has more than doubled. There are now almost, if not quite, five thousand, and they possess about forty million volumes.

Easily first is the Boston Public Library, the largest public library for free circulation in the world, housed in one of the finest and most artistic public buildings in the country, "Built by the People and Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning." When this institution was first opened to the public it had less than 10,000 books; to-day the number reaches about 700,000, and includes a dozen special libraries, and large branches which enable the million people in and around Boston to enjoy the best and latest literature without a cent of cost. Art, architecture and enlightened munificence have combined to make it the greatest enterprise of its kind in existence.

Its influences have spread. It has not only placed books in the hands of the people, but it has educated librarians, so that when the beautiful Library of Congress, the finest structure in Washington, needed a real librarian to direct its fortunes, it took Mr. Putnam from Boston and installed him at the Capital. It has invented and encouraged new methods, perfected a system, and done more than any other agency to make the printed treasures immediately accessible.

Just now Mr. Andrew Carnegie is stimulating the library movement by his generous millions, but it is well to remember the excellent work that was done before he began his benefactions, while at the same time yielding to him the highest praise for his public spirit and his splendid gifts.

The Example of Mr. Pratt

About ten years ago Mr. Carnegie was the guest of Mr. Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore, on the occasion of an anniversary celebration of the Enoch Pratt Free Library. He inspected the institution thoroughly, and publicly declared that Mr. Pratt had solved the problem of wise philanthropy.

Mr. Pratt's plan was as follows. He furnished the site and the building, capable of holding 200,000 volumes and costing about $225,000. With this he made the following proposition to the Mayor and City Council: "The title to all the books and property is to be vested in the city, and I will pay to your honorable body $833,333.33⅓, making $1,058,333.33⅓, provided the city will grant and create an annuity of $50,000 per annum, forever, payable quarterly to the board of trustees for the support and maintenance of the library and its branches." He suggested the handling of the money in such a way that before many years the debt, so far as the city was concerned, would be paid off.

In order to accept this offer an enabling act had to be passed by the legislature and a popular vote had to be taken. When the ballots were counted it was found that a large number of citizens had voted against the acceptance of the gift on the ground that it would increase the tax rate. This was a source of much mortification to the millionaire, although the measure was successful by a large majority.

The library has been in operation some fifteen years; branches have been built in different parts of the city, and the institution is now ranked second only to the public school system as an educational force in the community. The books are free to every one. Mr. Pratt's predictions as to the finances have all come true, and the city has never regretted the part it played in the gift.

Making the People Help

Mr. Carnegie recently declared: "How often have I said: 'Put on my tombstone not "He gave this or that," but "He induced others to give."' That is the great thing."

Mr. Carnegie has developed the plan of his friend Mr. Pratt. He is princely in his offers, but in practically every case he makes the community (by a vote and an appropriation), or its citizens individually, supplement his plans. In one case the popular vote was actually against the acceptance of his generosity because the conditions would add to the tax rate.

The offer of $5,200,000 to New York City was unprecedented, but to accept it the city must provide the sites and supply the maintenance, the former involving between one and two millions of dollars and the latter necessitating an annual expenditure of something over $600,000. In order to accept the million dollars offered to St. Louis by Mr. Carnegie the city must supply the site and furnish $150,000 annually. Thus Mr. Carnegie, in compelling the people to do something if they want his millions, has given them something to discuss and think about—and they have promptly used the opportunity.

Hence an avalanche of suggestions that the money might be better used in other directions—for instance, for better lodging houses, for improved tenements, and for the various creature needs of the big cities. One critic in a leading journal went so far as to point out that the carrying out of the plan would not only add to the annual budget a large sum, but would exempt from taxation property which is now paying its full share of the public expenses.

The Effect on the Old Libraries

A few days ago in one of the largest cities the writer visited a free library and a subscription library, one of the oldest and most important in the United States. In the free library fully two hundred men, women, boys and girls were using the reading rooms and there was an almost continuous procession of persons returning and taking out books. In the subscription library, with much larger and better reading rooms, there were six visitors and in the course of twenty minutes only five persons came for books. These libraries were within four squares of each other.

Not so very long ago the shares of the subscription library sold near par; recently they have sold as low as seventy-five per cent. below par. Being heavily endowed, this particular library will live, but in some of the other cities the new free libraries have wiped out the subscription institutions. In many cases the subscription libraries have been merged in the free libraries.

The probability in the cities is that Mr. Carnegie's gifts will not increase the number of libraries—they may even decrease it—but they will build up great central institutions with branches more imposing and more important and useful than the old libraries—another illustration of the tendency of the times toward consolidation and bigness.

Within the past few years a new library movement has been proving successful. An incorporated company for a definite subscription delivers new books at the homes of its subscribers. The volumes come as neatly and as regularly as the week's laundry.

New Things in Library Progress

One of the interesting facilities in the Library of Congress is the transportation system which brings books called for as promptly as the machinery for changing cash in a department store. It saves time and strength, and the Twentieth Century library will improve upon the contrivance, and thus the old tired feeling that invariably came when waiting for a book will be no more.

There are all sorts of suggestions about cataloguing and about the division of system and the like, but so far experience has shown that the card arrangement in alphabetical order gives the most satisfaction. A printed catalogue, like an encyclopædia, is always out of date, for every week hundreds of new books are being printed, and what was accepted as fact yesterday is upset by some new discovery or invention to-day.

Some of the free libraries have tried the experiment of special rooms for children, and the results have been more than satisfactory. This part of modern library development is certain of general adoption and extension.

The latest free public library is that formally opened last month in Newark, New Jersey. It cost $400,000, and it has a lecture room, an art gallery and a museum, and in addition thereto a public bicycle room, special arrangements for ventilating the books, dust drafts, book lifts, a bindery, tea rooms for the attendants, cataloguing rooms, and, last but not least, the children's room, with diminutive furniture and books suited to the tender ages.

Now it is urged that even greater innovations should be tried, and it is expected that some of the new library branches, which are to be built with Mr. Carnegie's money in New York, will have gymnasiums and other attractions and conveniences for the public.

All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat

The Dawn
Of common-sense in the use of flour was marked by the manufacture of flour from the entire wheat berry. Although a principal article of diet, in one form or another, flour had been suffered to become impoverished for the sake of color. The vital, blood-producing elements of wheat are found in the darker parts, and cannot be made white.

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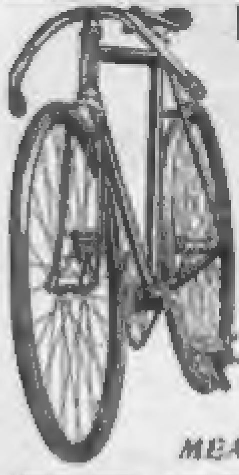

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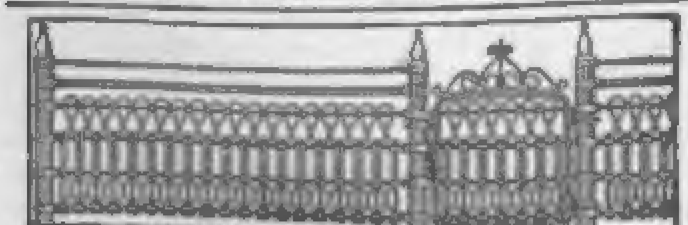

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(*Concluded from Page 6*)

some ruins, was a well, covered with heavy snow made of white cotton. The ghost of the murdered lover is supposed to rise from this well. His arrival is preceded by a rush of flame from its mouth. Unfortunately, the lycopodium torch used in creating it set fire to the snow, the whole carefully arranged drift burst into flame, and the curtain had to be rung down until it was extinguished.

Packing in Haste for Traveling

At the close of a performance, before the house is fairly emptied, the work of packing costumes and properties is in progress behind the curtain. This is especially the case on tour, when, in three hours after the final note is sounded, scenery and equipments are supposed to be aboard the special train. The members of the company need no verbal invitation to get aboard the special, as soon as they can leave the theatre. Meanwhile, the scenery is taken down, and the costumes and electrical effects are packed. The last one out of the theatre, I ride down on the final load.

The next day it is the same thing over again, busy from the moment of arrival until the rise of the curtain, and perhaps delayed in that, for we are always in the hands of the railroad, and there are many unavoidable accidents, hot boxes, and the like. Then once more comes the rush to the train after the busy time of performance and repacking. This will only apply, of course, to one-night stands, for when we reach the larger towns these inconveniences do not occur.

The baggage men have the hardest time of all and are worn to skin and bone by the time it is over. They are out sometimes all night collecting trunks, besides being out all day delivering them, and get on an average four hours' sleep; thankful, indeed, to get that. The chorus singers are the happiest lot of Bohemians you ever saw. They lay in their supplies and do their cooking en route. Sometimes the odors of this function are delicious, and again they are not. But the great woe of the chorus singer is getting left. This happens often enough, notwithstanding two men are employed to check off every one on the train before departure. At the last moment one or two will rush off for a final sandwich or a cup of coffee, and as a result we have to telegraph to have them sent on the next train. The same singer is never lost twice. He is ever afterward the first on the train and leaves it only to go to the theatre.

The most serious of these mishaps occurred at New Orleans on our trip to the Pacific Coast last autumn. Two of the chorus, knowing that the train would remain for an hour or two, found an Italian restaurant and were so lost in its enchantments that they did not reach Los Angeles until two days after their colleagues who had journeyed on the special. Their friends, their food, their sleepers and their overcoats had traveled forty-eight hours ahead of them.

What a Good Stage Manager Ought to Know

In preparing a new opera for performance at the Metropolitan I have the book, the score, and sometimes the *mise en scène*, but in staging the work I must rely mainly on my invention, and this causes me many sleepless nights.

The costumers go to work on my sketches, and the models of the scenes are made on the scale of half an inch, so that everything may fit exactly on completion. Great care must be given in all these matters to the architecture, style of dress, and customs of the period to be portrayed. When that is done the work on the stage commences. The ballet is drilled in its steps and the chorus rehearsed. Then I take the chorus alone on the stage and give the singers an idea of what they have to do. The principals are then rehearsed alone on the stage, and after that the chorus and principals together. After about twelve rehearsals to piano accompaniment, the orchestra, which meanwhile has rehearsed alone, is added. The succeeding rehearsals for full *ensemble* of principals, chorus, ballet and orchestra last from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. Preceding these full rehearsals are rehearsals for the scenery and lighting and the arrangement of stage properties. At rehearsals the greatest artists are the most indefatigable workers. Madame Christine Nilsson carried her promptness in this direction to such extent that she believed it an ill omen not to begin on time.

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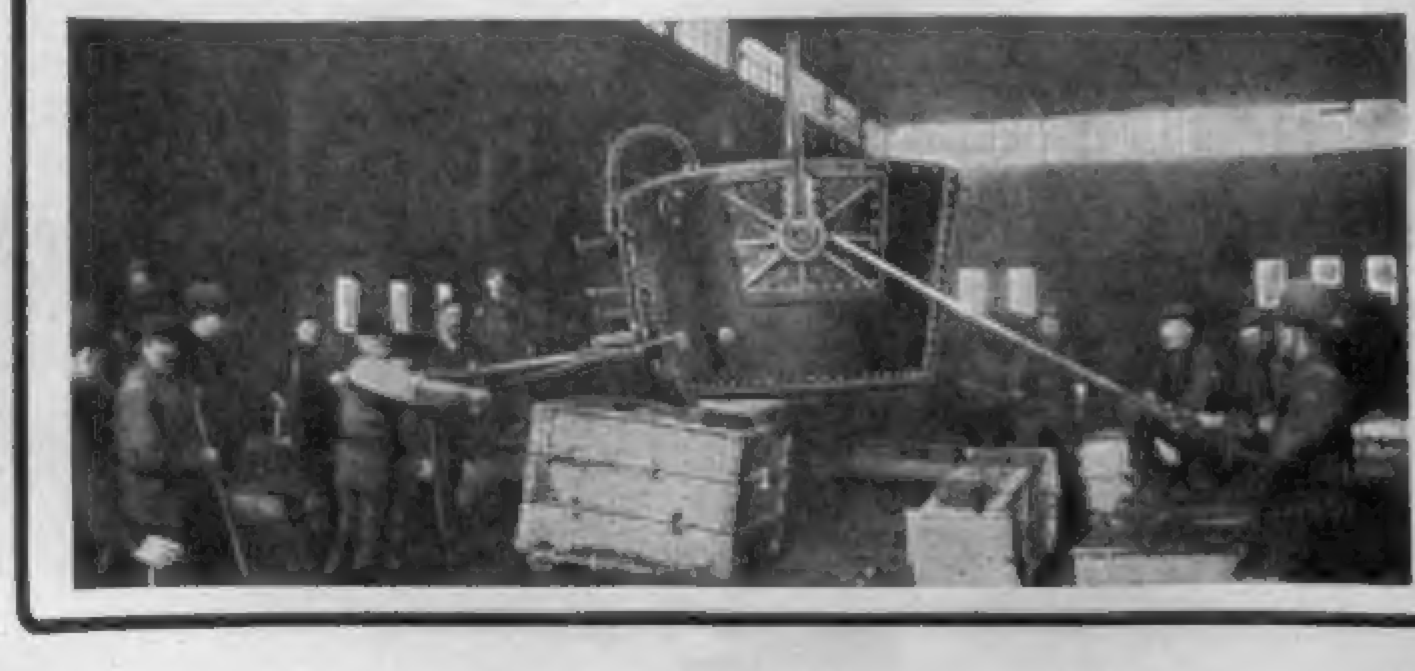

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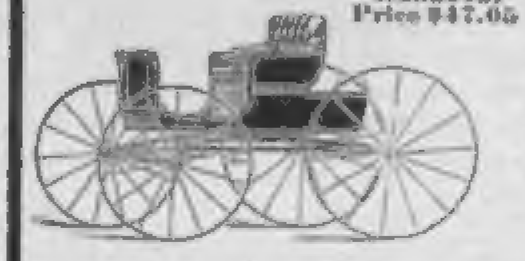

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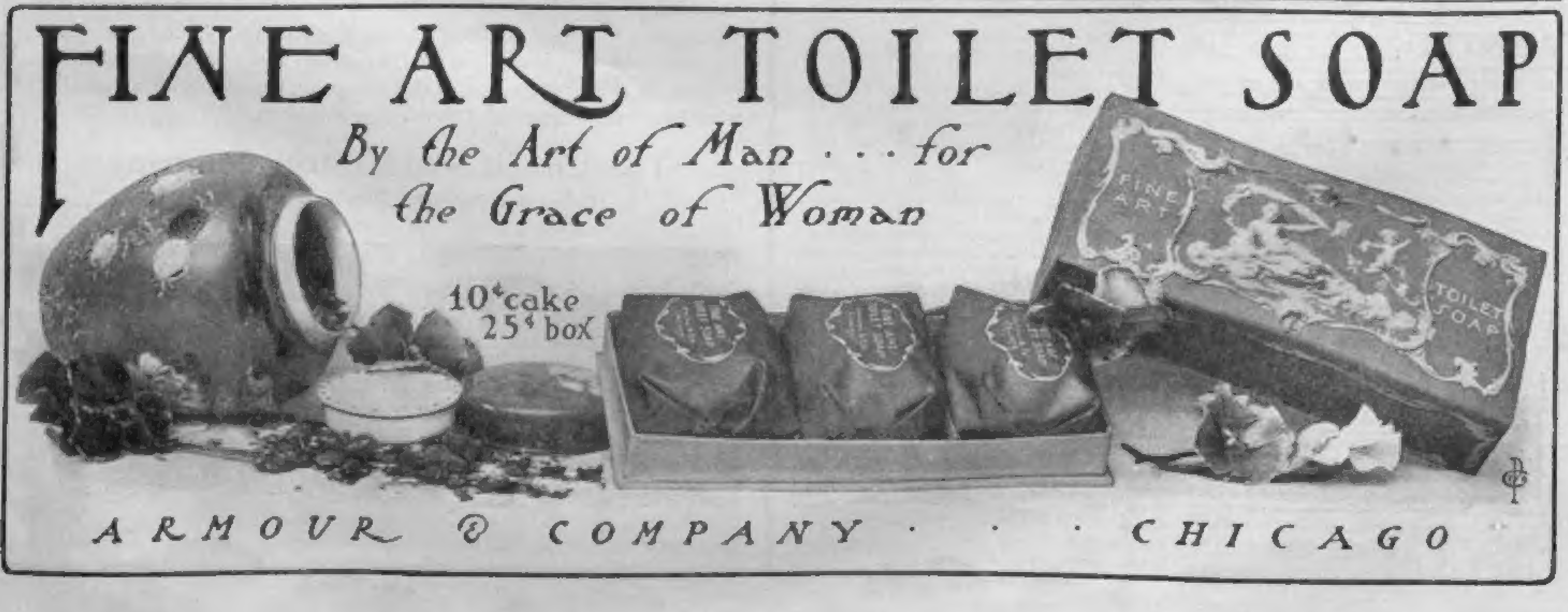
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